THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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Pay for your paper before you stop it, if [illegible]. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1880. NUMBER 13.

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The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

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GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS
[illegible] that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of various styles and patterns;
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of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
[illegible] and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Nail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;
Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,
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Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
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[illegible] OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING [illegible] FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; [illegible] ROCK SALT, the cheapest and [illegible] Feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; [illegible] PUMPS, of the best quality; [illegible] PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which [illegible]; [illegible] WAGONS AND [illegible] the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of [illegible] and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT [illegible] of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, [illegible], &c., together with a large and complete [illegible]
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't [illegible] is not worth buying, and what I [illegible] may always be relied on as FIRST-[illegible] quality, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
[illegible] having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always [illegible] in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $123,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
Good FARM Properties
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1879.-1y.

Removed to Bank Building
—Next door to Freidhoff's New Store.

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
EBENSBURG, PA.,
HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, [illegible], SPECTACLES, EYEGLASSES, [illegible] offers for sale at lower prices than [illegible] in the county. Persons needing [illegible] his line will do well to give him a call [illegible] elsewhere.
[illegible] attention paid to repairing Clocks, [illegible], &c., and satisfaction guaranteed [illegible] work and price.

A GOOD PLAN. Anybody can learn to make money [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] $5,000 [illegible]
[illegible] correct business [illegible]
[illegible] & CO., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

B. O. Oeschger,
FASHIONABLE CUTTER AND COSTUMER,
EBENSBURG, PA.
[illegible] door west of Huntley's store, where [illegible] of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, [illegible] selections can be made, will at all [illegible] on hand, and full suits or single articles [illegible] apparel for either gents or youths [illegible] to order on the shortest notice, in the [illegible] style, and at the lowest living prices. [illegible] guaranteed in all cases and the best of [illegible] as cheap as inferior clothing [illegible] ready-made. A trial is earnestly [illegible].
B. O. OESCHGER.
Ebensburg, May 23, 1879.-tf.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1879.-1y.*

DR. M. R. B. CREERY, Surgeon Dentist, having located in the office [illegible] and recently [illegible] by Dr. J. J. Oatman, respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, and guarantees good work at honest prices. A lady assistant will be in attendance whenever her services are required. Anæsthetics [illegible] and safely administered when desired. The patronage of all in need of dental services is respectfully solicited. [5-30,'79.-tf.]

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
Heating, Parlor and Cook
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

BEST IN THE WORLD!
ABSOLUTELY AND CHEMICALLY PURE.
ARM AND HAMMER BRAND.
CHURCH & CO'S
BI-CARB.
SODA
AND
SALERATUS
Which is the same thing.
Impure Bi-Carb Soda or Saleratus (which is the same thing) is of a slightly dirty white color. It may appear white, examined by itself, but a COMPARISON WITH CHURCH & CO'S "ARM AND HAMMER" BRAND will show the difference.
See that your Saleratus and Baking Soda is white and PURE, as should be ALL SIMILAR SUBSTANCES used for food.
Housekeepers who prefer bread made with yeast, will improve its quality, make it rise better and prevent it from souring, by adding one-half teaspoonful of Church & Co.'s Soda or Saleratus. Be sure and not use too much. The use of this with sour milk, in preference to Baking Powder, saves twenty times its cost.
See one pound package for valuable information and read carefully.
SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER.
For sale by N. J. FREIDHOFF, Ebensburg, Pa.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN
—ON THE SUBJECT OF—
Cheap Groceries!
By reading the advertisements, circulars, price-lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to
F. P. CONFER'S
MODEL GROCERY STORE!
1324 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,
And "confer" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in that city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Green, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., but can and does sell at prices fully as cheap if not a little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.
Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria county and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine his goods and prices before buying at any other house.
F. P. CONFER.
Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, - Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

SMOKE THE
Little Builder Cigar,
LITTLE BUILDER TRADE MARK M. J. D.
One Hundred for $2.00;
GATLING GUN......$2.00;
HUMPTY DUMPTY, 2.25;
Other Brands from $2.50 up.
Delivered to any address in the U. S., post-paid, on receipt of price.
M. J. DOUGHERTY,
Sole Man'f'r, 484 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
3-12

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1-31,'79.-tf.]

SAVE MONEY
—BY—
INSURING YOUR LIFE
—IN THE—
OHIO VALLEY
MUTUAL PROTECTION
ASSOCIATION!
HOME OFFICE, GREENVILLE, O.
"Provide for those dependent upon you a shield that will protect them from the storms of life when you are gone."
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M. F. MYERS,	Secretary.
Judge J. T. MEEKER,	Treasurer.
L. L. BELL, (Cashier Greenville Bank,)	Gen'l Sup't.

SPECIAL FEATURES.
This Association offer the following special features:
1st. Endowment Protection on the Mutual Assessment plan.
2d. Uniform Membership Fee of $10.00, for all ages and amounts.
3d. No Annual Dues, nor extra Charges whatever.
BENEFITS.
Persons between the ages of 16 and 64 years, who have a first-class health record, may hold either a Life Certificate or an Endowment Certificate, as they may desire.
ENDOWMENT PLAN.
16 to 33—$4000, payable at death or at expiration of 21 years.
34 to 45—$3000, payable at death or at expiration of 18 years.
46 to 55—$2500, payable at death or at expiration of 15 years.
56 to 64—$2000, payable at death or at expiration of 12 years.
LIFE PLAN.
16 to 33—$4000, payable at death only.
34 to 45—$3000, " " "
46 to 55—$2500, " " "
56 to 64—$2000, " " "
For further particulars call on or address
B. O. OESCHGER,
Agent for Cambria County,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Or M. F. MYERS, Secretary, Greenville, Ohio.

SELLERS'
COUGH
SYRUP!
40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.
Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy now in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.
SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.
R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
October 24, 1879.-1y.

R. L. Johnston, M. J. Buck,
F. A. Shoemaker, A. W. Buck.
JOHNSTON,
SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, PA.
MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.,
—DEALERS IN—
Dry Goods,
Fancy Goods,
CLOTHING,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES, &c.,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
NEW GOODS RECEIV'D WEEKLY
AND ALWAYS SOLD AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES.
CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE when Goods are not desired.
J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.
Carrolltown, March 19 1880.-tf.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of DANIEL RAGER, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Dan'l Rager, late of Jackson township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
ARTHUR DEVLIN, Administrator.
Jackson Twp., March 26, 1880.-6t.

WE have already ordered our BOOTS and SHOES for the coming season, which will arrive during February and March, and in order to make room for our new stock, will offer the large assortment now on hand (notwithstanding the advance in such goods) at prices we defy any one to compete with. V. S. BARKER & BRO.

WE have a large stock of LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES, which we will sell at very low prices between now and the 1st of April next. V. S. BARKER & BRO.

FOR SALE.—A tip-top heavy one-horse or light two-horse PEDDLING WAGON. Apply to GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, Feb. 13, 1880.-tf.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [12-9.-'79.-1y.]

THE RELIEF SHIP.

BY BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

Within a cabin, where the thatch
Bright yellow gold fringed all the eaves;
Where solemn swallows loved to hatch,
Disdaining royal bed of leaves;
Where often in the summer time
The roses peep'd within the door,
And linnets learned their little rhyme
From happy children on the floor;
There knelt a woman, pale and gaunt,
By bedside of a dying child.
She might have been the shade of Want,
From hope and happiness exiled.

"Look up, my lad," the mother said,
"Ah, do not close your eyes again!
Ah, do not ask me, dear, for bread,"
And then her eyes began to rain.
"You know no bite nor sup have we.
The landlord had to have his rint.
The rich, you know, must have their spree,
Ah, well, some day he may repint.

"Besides, ye know, the year was wet
And cold, without a bit of shine,
I know you're weak, avourneen, let
Yer hand rest in this breast of mine;
It often lay there in the days
Before your father wint away
To make a home across the seas,
In far-off, dear America.

"If he had lived, we would have had
Enough to eat and something more;
For God's been good to thim, my lad,
And given thim a goodly store.
But sure we have no kith nor kin
Beyant the sea to send us aid.
Don't doubt God's goodness! that's a sin:
His plans are often deeply laid.

"You say you'd like to see the say,
Look down the way your father wint;
Here, lane on me, my child, that way,
You see my own strength's nearly spint.
Ah, here we are upon the rocks,
The sea is smiling in the sun.
What's that, my poor eyesight mocks,
A white-winged bird? Was that a gun?

"And what is that against the sky?
A bit of sunset in the air?
No; waving from a mast so high,
A foreign flag with folds so fair,
And stars that gleam and bid us smile,
And tells us that within the West
They've heard the wail of this poor isle,
They've come in time! God's way is best!

"Look up, my lad! here's golden grain,
And money, too, to purchase more;
All men are kin in hour of pain.
See, where the good ship strikes the shore,
See, where they come with heart and hand
To help poor Erin in the dust;
God bless the good and generous land!
You see, 'tis safe in God to trust.",

And who will say she was not right;
That Ireland's need was not God's plan
To prove, within the darkest night,
The common brotherhood of man.

[Written for the FREEMAN.]

THE "WHITE DIAMONDS" AT CHANCELLORVILLE.

On Friday morning, May 1st, 1863, the Second Division of the Third Corps broke camp and took up its line of march along the road that wound up the north bank of the Rappahannock. The roads were rather bad but the day was fine, and the gallant "White Diamonds" kept on through the romantic pine woods in buoyant expectation and high spirits.

After we had been on the march for a few hours, the faint and sullen roar of heavy cannonading resounded in far-off thunders through the forests; and still louder grew the boomings with every mile, till at last we could distinguish the sharp and rapid explosions of shells.

The afternoon was warm and sultry when we reached the pontoon bridge, which was already laid for our crossing, and we kept on across, toward the ever-increasing din whose mighty thunderings were now making the welkin ring.

While climbing the steep bank of the river, on the southern shore, many of the troops began to throw away their extra baggage, such as axes, heavy frying-pans, and other such encumbering articles; for the near approach of battle requires activity and freedom of movement, and the soldier thinks not of property or pecuniary value in that supreme hour. When all were over, we formed in columns of companies with every regimental drum corps at the head of its respective regiment, and, to the merry music of the fife and drum, we advanced up into the crash and roar on ahead.

We soon came up with a brigade formed in line of battle, and its General seemed to possess discretion as well as valor, for he had himself well fortified all around with a good breastwork, while he stood in the midst, giving commands. That same General came out eventually to be one of the most dashing and efficient officers of the Federal Army. Our coming was doubtless very welcome to this brigade, for I presume it had stood the peltings of shot and shell for some time before our approach, while our advance farther to the front pushed the opposing troops back, and gave them a rest for a time.

The rhythmical din of the field-music gave us no chance to think of danger, for everything seemed so much like a field day about camp, except now and then the wicked burst of a crashing shell in the woods through which we marched.

Our division advanced up with perfect confidence and easy step—colors flying and heads erect, faces flushed instead of pale; and thus we continued till after dusk, when at last we reached our destination, where we camped down in close proximity in the woods with orders to light no fires. This order, however, was not strictly obeyed, as one or two lights sprang up directly; but the temerity of the infringers soon brought trouble to the brigade in the shape of a hissing shell, which struck down almost into the fire.—This summary hint had the desired effect, for the fires were *non est* in a moment, and we camped in peace for the rest of the night.

The troops slept on their arms all night, for we were right close up on the "Johnnies," who were liable to awake at any moment and give us a haze in the dark. All remained quiet, however, till the morning, which dawned sun-shiny and pleasant—literally "as the flowers of May"—when we marched up the road and joined the troops at the front which had been skirmishing around the Chancellor House the night before. Our regiment was soon selected to go out on the skirmish line, where two of our men were killed. One, a new recruit, and a good man he was too, was shot right through the white diamond on his cap. He was a married man, a shoemaker, I believe, and left a little family to mourn his long absence.

During the forenoon I took a range around through the Chancellor House, which had been well battered with shot and shell the previous evening. I found there the debris of a good library, and was presently deeply engrossed in the "Lady of the Lake," which I found on the floor. Just then a racket struck up among the small arms, which interrupted my reading, so I seized several books and joined my company.

I distributed the books amongst the men, all but two, which I retained for myself, and those two, with my knapsack, I subsequently lost in the fearful scenes of the following day.

In the afternoon I noticed a cavalry company ride out to the front with their guide-flags fluttering in the breeze, and right gallant they looked, armed *cap-a-pie*, and riding out with jingling sabres and glancing spurs—not on a holiday review, but right into the fire of the enemy.

Toward sunset, when the sun just looked over the tree-tops from the western horizon, the sudden crash of a rolling fire broke out in that direction, making the forest resound with continuous vollies; and presently the broken fragments of our right wing began to surge through the woods in our rear. The Stonewall had moved on Howard with crushing power, and broken the Eleventh Corps into atoms.

The full moon came out in splendor, and lighted the embattled hosts, while the gleaming barrels of myriad rifles and their glittering bayonets rendered the scene one of war's choicest indexes.

The Third Corps soon bent before the weight of a furious attack, and the indomitable Second Division bid fair to join the Eleventh Corps in its fragmentary excursions through the woods by moonlight. Shells came skipping and bounding along in dangerous proximity to one's legs, and one went through right amidst the Twenty-sixth drum corps, which stood in the edge of the woods. Then came the pell-mell retreat of a confused medley of cooks, teamsters and non-combatants of every description and occupation, the shell and solid shot making sad havoc in the affrighted and turbulent ranks. The Second Division had given away for an instant or two, and in the hurly-burly and topsy-turvy of the momentary panic some injudicious person cried out that the Confederate cavalry had gotten into the rear, and were about to cut us all down. One poor fellow, a non-combatant, in his utter panic fell headlong over an obstructing log and lay there as helpless as a child, perfectly exhausted and unable to move. Such is the nature of a sudden panic. Men who have previously faced almost anything will become infected with contagious flight and flee from danger like arrant cowards. The gallant Second Division remained not long thus derelict in soldierly duty, but sprang back to their places like a trusty bow. Night set in and a full moon lay high in the heavens. A devouring fire had fastened on the surrounding forest, whose blazing trees and falling stumps presented an apt representation of Pluto's domain—smoke, darkness and lurid flames, with wandering soldiers interspersed.

All through that long night the rattling volley ever and anon harrassed the tired soldiers, but there was no more retreat in the ranks of the "Diamonds." Stonewall, the Confederate avalanche, had in the meantime fallen, or it were hard to say what might have happened.

The next day—the Christian Sabbath—brought battle most fierce and deadly. Shot and shell hissed, howled and shrieked with most terrific ferocity, carrying destruction into the ranks of the indomitable hosts, who seemed like salamanders in their infernal element. The "White Diamonds" were literally decimated each company averaging ten fallen comrades, whose presence was sadly missed at the next roll call. Our regiment, the 25th Pennsylvania, looked wild and powder-stained after that day's fierce trials.

Breast-works were thrown up along the edge of the woods fronting an open field, and here our troops maintained their stand against the flushed and fierce legions of the Confederate army. Whipple was killed here, right in front of the Second Division, while observing the hostile lines—killed by a sharp-shooter hidden in the tree-tops.

As a specimen of the sharp shooting, I was sitting behind the earth works, or earth and log works, to be more explicit, where the company had their little dog-tents raised and were living quite peaceably. I was sitting there quite at home alongside one of my tent-mates, the other having been killed in the Sabbath's battle, when I jumped up to stir around a little. I was standing looking over the works to the front, when, zip! came a rifle bullet, and pierced a neat hole in the tent just alongside. It was a close clip, for the missile just passed me to hit where it did.

About noon we were all sitting about behind the works, conversing and amusing ourselves, as soldiers are wont to do under almost any circumstances, when all at once a din, racket and hullaballo broke out which might have been compared to the sudden eruption of a new volcano. Bang! bang! bang! went the big guns in rapid succession, like the discharge of a rifle volley, and shells began to shriek and burst in every direction. Just at that moment Joe Hooker came along the line with his staff, riding with his hat off before our lines, conversing, and paying no more heed to danger than if he were immortal. A brigade immediately bounded over the breastworks, like mad, right into the fiery vortex before them, and met the "Johnnies," who were coming out of the woods on the other side of the field. The contest was short, sharp and decisive, and at its close the "Rebs" went back to their lairs. Quiet reigned for the rest of the day, but that night a rumor circulated about that siege-guns were being planted to drive us from our position. This was anything but welcome news, for nothing is so repugnant to the feelings as the terrible ravages of these huge, monstrous shells, which tear humanity literally to pieces in their dread course. Next day a road was cut through the forest, and that night in a drizzling rain we commenced a retreat. Across the pontoons again, and the great battle was over and lost. The next time we met the "Johnnies" was at Gettysburg, of which more anon.

A. D. H.

NOTE.—The Third Corps lost two division commanders at Chancellorsville—Berry and Whipple.

AN editor's business is to write editorials, grind out poetry, sort and re-write communications, listen to all kinds of complaints, offer advice on all subjects, from prescribing for a baby with the colic to specie resumption, keep a waste basket, steal matter, fight other people's battles, take beans, pumpkins and green wood, when he can get them, on subscription, work eighteen hours out of twenty-four, always in a good humor and witty, be alike imprevious to flattery and censure, and be criticised and damned by every nincompoop who don't like his paper. Finally to wear out in the service, and at last to hear the pleasing plandit: 'Tis enough; come up higher.

IRELAND.

BY T. O'HAGAN.

Hearts are failing, mothers wailing,
Hope is drooping o'er the land;
God of mercy! help dear Erin,
Stay the famine with Thy hand.
Clouds are gathering, darkly gathering,
Fast the tide of woe rolls on:
Help dear Erin, oh ye people!
Till the wave of want is gone.

Help us! help us! or we perish,
Is the cry from o'er the deep;
And the billows of the ocean
Chant a lonely dirge and weep.
Help dear Erin! help dear Erin!
Sounds a tocsin from the dead,
Sounds the voice of armied martyrs
That a nation's glory led.

They are dying! they are dying!
Sighs the breeze upon the stream;
They are dying! Erin's children,
Oh my God! is this a dream?
In the midst of wealth and plenty,
Hunger knocking at the door,
Shrouds of pity, shrouds of mercy
Wrap the dead forever more!

Cold the night and chill the morning,
Dies the fire upon the hearth,
Dies the hope in Erin's children,
Faint each ember quenched by dearth.
Woe is Erin! woe the people!
Famine darkens o'er the land;
Tears of sorrow bathe the nation—
Suffering Erin—faithful band!

They are dying! they are dying!
Sighs the harp across the deep,
They are dying! Erin's children
Chant the psalm of death in sleep.
Tears and sorrow—hope to-morrow—
Beads of woe in silence told—
God of Erin! God of mercy;
Take the dying to Thy fold.

They are dying! they are dying!
Oh affection! can it be
That the homes of happy childhood
Sink beneath the woeful sea?
They are dying! *De Profundis!*
Lay them gently 'neath the sod,
Miserere! faithful Erin!
Live forever with Thy God!"

—*Montreal True Witness.*

SAD SCENES OF IRISH MISERY.

WRETCHEDNESS OF THE DWELLINGS—HARROWING DETAILS OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PEOPLE—HOW RELIEF IS DISTRIBUTED.

The New York *Tribune's* special correspondent in Ireland spent a Sunday at Westport, county Mayo, investigating the results of the famine in that region. At the hamlet of Thornhill he attended church. After the services were over, he writes, the Sunday-school met and a brace of babies were christened. Meanwhile I walked down the road with one of the men to see an Irish cabin. I pointed out a low cottage and asked him to take me into it. It was a filthy hovel—the foulest and dreariest human habitation I had ever seen. Alas! only five days have passed since I saw it and already I remember it as a tolerable decent cabin! There was no floor save the cold earth; a calf had its share of the room; it was a stable, a kitchen, a nursery and a sitting-room all in one. As in most of these Irish hovels there is a large niche in the wall near the fire, just large enough to hold a rude bed. There, covered with horrible rags, lay an aged woman, ghastly, yellow and gasping. There she had lain for a month or two, "dying of slow decline." No American family would have suffered such rags as covered this dying woman to stay even in their ash-barrels for a single day. The mother sat near the open fireplace—a young woman with a strong and comely face and the head of a Roman matron. Her infant, in its home-made wooden cradle, was beside her. There was a little dark room back—the room where the children slept. Six children lived here—a family of nine persons. The mother and children were in rags; but the woman wore her rags with dignity.

I had no wish to see any other cabins, so I went back to the church. Most of the men had gone home, but there was a crowd of about fifty women and a score of old men around the vestry-door. It was raining; but no one stirred. The tickets for Indian meal had to be distributed as soon as the priest was at leisure; and for this meager help from the charity of the world these poor mothers waited with a patient anxiety. There were few young women, and fewer girls among them. They were mostly women of from thirty to sixty years of age. At least a third of them were barefooted. Not one of them had a bonnet on her head. They covered their heads with the hoods of their old cloaks, or with little faded woolen shawls. Not a merry-eyed woman among them all! Deep wrinkles and sad faces everywhere—not the fine noble lines that the old artist Thought had chiseled; but the sharp gutters made by a torrent of calamity, the dark shadows cast by mean care and groveling want. They were the sign manuals and signets—hunger and despair.

The priest came out, and, one by one, read the names on the little handful of orders for two stones, or twenty-eight pounds, of Indian meal. This was all the allowance that the funds of the local committee permitted to be given to families of from five to nine persons per week. One by one wretched women from the crowd came up and took the order that bore her name, and courtesied and thanked the donors and God. They were soon distributed. A babel of appeals! "Sure I have five children and not a mouthful for them!" This was one of the cries; and it was the truth. Again and again the priest told them that he could do no more.

"But," he added, "I have one blank order. It must be given to the poorest family here. Now tell me who is the poorest?"

Only one man named himself, but he was thrown back by a dozen indignant voices. Not another one of the eager voices that spoke named her own wants. It was a noble tribute to these poor Irish starvelings—every one seemed anxious to point out some one more wretched than herself. And when one man and his needs were stated—"Sure, he is the worst off!" shouted a chorus of women. Whatever centuries of misrule and hunger may have made these people, it has not quenched the holiest light that illuminates the soul.

We drove back to Murrisk, that we had passed on our way to Thornhill. It is a cluster of hovels built higgeldy-piggeldy along the shore and up the sides of the little hill near one of the arms of the bay. There is a rough barrier of stone across the water, which was built to keep the tide from overflowing the sweet water of the little pond that empties into the bay. Without it the people could not drink the water, and there are no springs or wells near by. It was badly constructed, and has been partly demolished by the high winds and the tides. It is dangerous crossing when the wind is high. It required the utmost care for us to keep our feet in walking over it.

A woman lay dying in one of these hovels. Father Lynskey entered to administer the last sacrament. As I am not a Catholic, the priest advised me to visit the other cabins while he sought the dying woman. I went into one of them. I shall have to grow half a yard or so before I can truthfully be called a tall man, and yet I had to bend nearly double before I could get through the door. There was no fireplace. There was only a hole in the roof at one end of the room, out of which the smoke made its way at its leisure. A little peat fire was buring on the hearth, or rather beneath the hole in the roof. There was no ceiling, of course, for none of the cabins have a ceiling. There was no floor but the ground—few of them have even a few flat stones here or there. There was no window. The rafters and the furze sticks on which the thatch rests, and the walls, and everything in the wretched room, were begrimmed with smoke. There was no dresser for the plates and cups. There were no chairs. There was only one mean rickety little home-made table. There were only two low rude stools for sitting on. A pig was eating out of a kettle on the floor. Two or three hens were picking up a few grains of meal. Near the fire there was a rude bed, covered with two filthy blankets. There was an inner room. I entered it. It was the children's bedroom. Its furniture consisted of three little heaps of rags. There were six persons in this family. The children were ragged and cold. As I took notes in this Irish home, the neighbors thronged in until the place was full, and before I could complete my notes I had to ask them to stand away from the little door, for there was no other way of getting light. The woman of the house was clad in filthy rags. She was barefooted. She plaintively told me that she could not go to mass now, for she had not a decent dress to cover her rags.

This was not the worst hovel. There were others smaller and more wretched, both here and at a similar cluster of hovels called Killenacoff. But it is useless to describe them one by one. Everywhere I saw cows, calves, pigs, horses, asses and hens living in the same room with young mothers and children—in the same damp, dark, slippery, smoky hovels, half stables and half home; everywhere I saw old men and old women ragged and barefooted, and hungry and cold and despairing.

At Killenacoff the good priest offered to expend a sum that had been sent for the twenty four families of that hamlet to him, in paying them wages at the rate of a shilling a day to build a road for their own use, so that they might earn their scanty meals, and save their self-respect. They gladly accepted the offer. It is to the credit of these starving people that they do not want relief, but work; that they are anxious to be employed, and only accept alms because their families would perish from hunger without it.

I shall tell of only one more visit. As we crossed the "barrier"—Father Lynskey was some distance behind at the time—I saw two little children, with bare red feet and blue lips, sitting at the roadside near what seemed to be the roof of a pig-sty or little stable, for the roof was flush with the road. I noticed that they were rather more tastefully clad (albeit in rags) and that they seemed of a finer organization than most of the children that I had seen. Their faces were clean. A slim blonde woman of thirty or more, whose face showed traces of early beauty, stood with dejected countenance near them. As I looked a second time at the little creatures the woman spoke to me and said that she had not been able to get any relief, and that her children had not eaten a mouthful since yesterday. It was now afternoon.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"There!"

She pointed to a house that I had supposed to be a little stable. It was built between the barrier and the road. She had put it up with her own hands, she said. I turned to the man who was guiding me.

"Is that true?" I asked him—out of her hearing, of course.

"Yes," he answered, coldly.

I made my way down to where the door was, followed by the guide and the woman. I had to bend low to enter the hut. It was not fifteen feet by ten. There was no hole in the roof, even, for the smoke to escape, and only three bits of turf burned on the hearth. A little white kitten, singed and dirty and famished, was crouching near the semblance of a fire. At one end of the hovel was a rude bed, and two dirty rags for covering. The straw of the roof was half-rotten; when it rained hard, the woman said, the rain came through into the cabin. There was no furniture save a kettle and a table and a stool. "Where is your husband?" I asked. "He is not here," said the man, quickly. I gave the poor wretched woman half a crown to buy food for her children.

A CHILD VOYAGER.

Children furnish more than one-half of the world's purest joys, their beautiful deeds breaking in upon us oftentimes as a delightful surprise; and stupid would we be if we failed to be roused from life's torpor by their presence, their deeds and their expression of them. As we stepped upon the platform of the cars on our way west in the middle of the night, we heard a man say, "Here is a little girl. Will not somebody take care of her?" Somebody responded, and we thought no more of it until the next day when we had dropped our 'sleeper,' and entering one of the other cars we saw the sweetest little child form we ever looked upon, fast asleep, so soundly sleeping as not to even be heard in breathing. Such a head of dark brown hair, lying all loose over her shoulders, back and face, we never beheld; features as if the choice of an artist from a thousand beauties; her long, dark eyelashes lay across the openings in a world of beauty, and her form was in beautiful adaption to the ideal of her face. We could hardly wait for her to wake, for we felt sure she was the lonely child of whom we had heard the night before, and were impatient for the history of this interesting but solitary voyager across the earth. After a while the conductor stood over her, as if drawn by her beauty and innocence. He seemed to be shrinking from waking her, as if she was an angel whose repose it would be irreverent to disturb. Said he, "Whose child is this?" No one could tell. He turned away and went on gathering his tickets. When he had finished he came back and she was awake. He stopped and said:

"Whose little girl are you?"

"Mamma's," said she, looking trustingly in his face.

"Where is your mamma? Show me where she is."

Said she gently, "Mamma is not on cars; she is in heaven."

The gentlemanly conductor grew more intently anxious, and said:

"But you have a father aboard?"

"No, sir; my father's in heaven a long time ago. When I was a little baby he was in the army. Mamma used to tell me about him. She called him her poor soldier boy."

"And where did your papa and mamma live?"

"In Ireland, sir," speaking more gently, as if not quite sure it was best to tell him.

"Where did you come from, my little darling?"

"From the same place, sir."

"Not from Ireland?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who came with you?"

"Nobody, sir, but God. He kept me on the sea when it was awful stormy, and I was so sick I thought I would die."

The conductor, in surprise, said:

"You did not come all the way from Ireland by yourself?"

"Yes, sir, God was with me; my aunty prayed for me, and told God to take care of me, on the forecastle of the ship; and, she kissed me and said, "Precious pet, don't be afraid, for God has told me that he is going with you all the way; and some people on the deck took me and made me sleep by them till I got to New York, and then took me in the railroad station, and a nice old gentleman with a white beard got my ticket. Here it is, sir,"—opening a queer, old-fashioned Irish carpet sack, and pulling out an old woolen petticoat and putting her little hand into the pocket book, tied with a piece of soiled linen tape—"here it is; he gave it to me, and told me not to be afraid, because the people would all be kind to a little stranger orphan girl. And he said when I wanted anything to ask the man with the band on his hat. Are you the man?"

"Yes; what do you want, my little pet?"

"I want you to take care of me, if you please."

"I will, indeed. I had a little girl about as large as you, but she died."

"She is in heaven, ain't she? She will see my papa and mamma, won't she?"

He said "I hope so," and he turned away.

By this time half a dozen men had gathered about the child, no women happening to be in the car, else what woman's heart but would have been broken! The men were all rough, good-hearted souls, and all seemed to be fidgety to do something for this strange, beautiful child. One turned up a tag which was fastened to a ribbon around her neck, and on it was written:

"Effie Mc——, of Ireland; aged 7 years; is on her way to her aunt, Mrs. Mc——, Fort Kearney, United States of America. Kind friend, be kind to this child. She was her mother's darling, who died on the 11th day of December, 1878. This poor child is all that is left of the family, and her friends are sending her to her aunt's at Fort Kearney."

One rough looking man asked her if she had anything to eat, to which she replied by showing him some little sweet cakes, and said: "Do you think these will be enough until I get to aunty's?" He replied, "Give me your reticule," and opening it commenced filling it out of his well stored basket. Others brought in their supplies, until there was more than the child could carry. An old gentleman, about eighty years of age, said he would take care of her as far as Kansas City; a black man said he had nothing to eat, so he gave her a half dollar. * * * She became more and more a theme of interest for hundreds of miles, until we seemed to have forgotten the space, when the cry, "East St. Louis!" revealed the fact that to some of us at least the journey had ended. We parted from this dear child in tenderness and prayers, for she was fast asleep, with her little testament, which she could read, in her pale hand; all regretted that she could not journey on with them along the way of life.

Something About Advertising.

Business men will find some hints in the following, from the New Haven *Register*, which they ought to be able, as intelligent men, to appreciate. The *Register's* advice is this:

"If you have goods to sell advertise.

"Hire a man with a lampblack kettle and a brush to paint your name and number on the railroad fences. The cars go whizzing by so fast that no one can read them, to be sure, but perhaps an obliging conductor would stop the train to accommodate an inquisitive passenger.

"Remember the fences by the roadside as well. Nothing is so attractive to the passer by as a well painted sign: 'Millington's medical mixture for mumps.'

"Have your card in the hotel register by all means. Strangers stopping at hotels for a night generally buy a cigar or two before they leave town, and they need some inspiring literary food besides.

"If an advertising agent wants your business advertised in a fancy frame at the depot, pay him about 100 per cent. more than it is worth, and let him put it there. When a man has three-quarters of a second in which to catch a train, he invariably stops to read depot advertisements, and your card might take his eye.

"Of course the street thermometer dodge is excellent. When a man's fingers and ears are freezing, or he is puffing and 'phewing' at the heat, is the time above all others when he reads an advertisement.

"Print in the blackest ink a great sprawling card on all your wrapping paper. Ladies returning from a shopping tour like to be walking bulletins, and if the ink rubs off and spoils some of their finery, no matter.—They never will stop at your store again.

"Have a few posters all over town mixed up with nigger minstrel streamers and theatrical bills; they will appear very prominent and attract about as much attention as a black spot on a speckled dog.

"Have thousands of little dodgers printed and hire a few boys to distribute them.—You've no idea how the junk and paper rag men will respect you.

"Don't fail to advertise in every circus programme. It helps the circus to pay its bills, and visitors can relieve the tedium of the clown's jokes by looking over your interesting remarks about 'twenty per cent. below cost,' etc.

"A boy with a big playcard on a pole is an interesting object on the street, and lends a dignified air to the establishment. Hire about two.

"Advertise on a calander. People never look at a calander to see what day of the month it is. They merely glance hurriedly at it so as to be sure that your name is spelled with or without a p, that's all.

"When the breezes blow, wafted by a paper fan in the hands of a lovely woman, 'tis well to have the air redolent with the perfume of the carmine ink in which your business address is printed. This will make the market for decent fans very good.

"Patronize every agent that shows you an advertising tablet, card, directory or even an advertising Bible, if one is offered at a reasonable price. The man must make a living.

"But don't think of advertising in well established, legitimate newspapers. Not for a moment. Your advertisement would be nicely printed and would find its way into all the thrifty households of the region, where the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman in other lines, and the families of the wealthy and refined, all who have articles to buy and money with which to buy them, and in the quiet of the evening, after the news of the day has been digested, it would be read and pondered, and next day people would come down to your store and patronize you, and keep coming in increasing numbers, and you might have to hire an extra clerk or two, move into a larger block and more favorable location and do a bigger business, but of course it would be more expensive—and bring greater profit."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - APRIL 16, 1880.

A WASHINGTON special to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, dated Wednesday last, says: A Democrat of prominence, one who has held a high position in the councils of the party, informed your correspondent to-day that Tilden has written a letter, to be read at the New York Democratic Convention at Syracuse, declining to be a candidate before the Cincinnati Convention, and with-drawing his name. The reason assigned for this course is the condition of his health. This same gentleman says that Tilden prepared a letter two months ago withdrawing his name, but the intercession of personal friends prevented it from being made public.

ABOUT two weeks ago a committee of five representing the Democratic Union organization in the city of New York invited Tammany Hall (anti-Tilden), and Irving Hall (Tilden), each to appoint a committee to meet the first named committee in conference, "for the purpose of devising a plan to secure the election of a united representation of the Democratic party of the city of New York to the coming State convention." Tammany Hall sent a reply expressing its willingness to comply with the request, but the answer sent by Mr. Tilden's friends from Irving Hall was a flat refusal to do so. As a matter of course all further negotiation in the interest of union and harmony was brought to an end, and it is not hard to fix the responsibility for the failure where it properly belongs.

THE emigration from Ireland to the United States during the present year promises to be exceptionally large. A writer from Queenstown reports that place as being crowded with men and women anxious to secure passage for New York. The Germanic, which left that port on the 26th of March, brought out eleven hundred emigrants, and the agent was compelled to stop booking steerage passengers three days before sailing day. Mr. Redpath, the New York *Tribune's* commissioner, says the prospects are that the emigration from Ireland this year will be larger than in any preceding year since the great famine of 1847, and that if the coming summer should prove to be as wet as last summer, and the potato crop should fail again, the west of Ireland will be nearly depopulated before next spring.

WE have not taken close enough note of the election of delegates to the Democratic State convention by the counties that up to this time have acted in the premises to enable us to form an accurate estimate of the strength likely to be developed in the convention by Mr. Tilden's friends, as well as by his opponents. We have not failed, however, to notice that some of the Randall organs and some of the Wallace organs have done a vast amount of very solid lying about the matter. According to the former, the Tilden men will have things all their own way, while if the latter are to be believed his supporters will be in a hopeless minority. Our belief is that Mr. Tilden's friends will not be able to get from the convention any material aid in wrenching from the Cincinnati convention a nomination which, like Dead sea fruit, would turn to ashes on their lips. In addition to this, we think it reasonably certain that the convention will declare its preference for General Hancock, who, in addition to being a Pennsylvanian, is a distinguished soldier and at the same time is gifted with those true qualities of statesmanship so necessary for a proper discharge of the duties of the Presidency.

WM. H. KEMBLE arrived in Harrisburg on Monday afternoon from Atlantic City. He was in charge of Detective Anderson, of Harrisburg, who had been shadowing him since the previous Thursday, and came from Atlantic City on the same train with Kemble to Philadelphia, where he arrested him as soon as he stepped from the cars. On his arrival he was driven to the Dauphin county jail, but as Judge Pearson could not then attend, the lobby king was permitted to go to the residence of a friend with his pledge that he would appear on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. Certainly this was treating an arrested fugitive with the most distinguished consideration. On Tuesday forenoon Kemble went to the prison, where Judge Pearson soon made his appearance. Kemble thereupon informed Judge P. that he appeared voluntarily—that he had telegraphed his friend Quay that he would be in Harrisburg on Monday, and even had the cheek to say that he knew nothing about the visit and surrender on the previous week of Salter, Petroff, Rumbarger and Crawford. The Judge finally admitted him to bail in the sum of $5,000 for his appearance on the 26th inst. to receive sentence.

TO-DAY (Wednesday) will be the last day of the Parliamentary elections in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, which commenced over two weeks ago. The result has been a decided victory for the Liberals under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, which will compel Lord Beaconsfield, the Conservative or Tory leader, to lay down his office, to be succeeded by Mr. Gladstone or some other Liberal statesman. Although the English papers admit that the Liberals will have a clear majority over both the Conservatives and Home Rulers, Mr. Parnell, in a dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News*, dated Cork, April 12th, disputes it, saying that the Home Rule party had gained nine seats in Ireland—that it is incorrect to suppose that the Liberals are rendered independent of the Irish members—that their majority will disappear should the Home Rule members join the Conservatives, and that his party will scarcely cross to the Ministerial or Liberal side of the House of Commons, but will remain in the opposition as a constant reminder of the slender nature of the tenure by which Ministers hold their power. Either Mr. Parnell's wish is father to his thought or the English papers are singularly in error in summing up the result.

THE statement was made towards the close of last week, apparently on good authority, that a movement was on foot having its origin among the Democratic members of Congress from this State, with the concurrence of Messrs. Randall and Wallace, to harmonize the discordant Democratic elements in Pennsylvania, and especially in Philadelphia, preparatory to the meeting of the State convention at Harrisburg, on the 28th of this month. It is very desirable, of course, that harmony should prevail at the State convention, and the only obstacle in the way that we are aware of grows out of the factious warfare that has existed for several years in Philadelphia. If *that* can be satisfactorily adjusted before the meeting of the convention, so much the better, as all the other difficulties are not at all of a serious nature and can be easily settled by the convention itself. If, however, the quarrel in Philadelphia is not amicably disposed of by Messrs. McGowen and Vaux and their respective followers before the convention meets, as we trust it will be, the convention ought to dispose of the matter promptly by applying to it the most heroic treatment. It is a shame and a disgrace that a Democratic State convention should be annoyed and harrassed continually by the senseless wrangling and contentions of two rival delegations from that county, both claiming to be "regular"—a state of things in party organization which is utterly preposterous and can never rightfully exist.

One other of the terms of this rumored settlement is, that the delegates from this State to the national convention are to vote as a unit on all questions. We have always opposed, and always will oppose, the arrogant and tyranical unit rule, except as regards the delegates at large. How could a Democratic State convention stultify itself by adopting the unit rule, after every Democratic paper in the Commonwealth has, for two months past, been fiercely denouncing Don Cameron for imposing that iron-clad restriction upon the men he has selected to go to Chicago? The only instructions that should be given to the delegates ought to be: "Go, and after having looked the ground all over, and after the fullest conference with the delegates from other parts of the Union, follow the guide of your own best judgment, with a sole view to the success of the ticket."

JOHN CESSNA, of Bedford, and David Over, editor of the Hollidaysburg *Register*, are the two delegates selected by Don Cameron at the Harrisburg convention to represent the Republicans of this Congressional district at Chicago. Under the *unit* rule they will of course both vote for Grant, and even without it they would do so, if Cameron demanded it. The friends of Blaine in Somerset county, believing that he is clearly the choice of the Republicans in this district, and that they, and not Cameron, have the undoubted right to say who shall be the delegates, have issued a call for a public meeting of the Republicans of that county, at the Court House in Somerset, on Tuesday, April 27th, "for the purpose of electing three conferees to meet like conferees from Bedford, Blair and Cambria counties, to elect two delegates and their alternates, to represent the Seventeenth Congressional district in the National Republican Convention, to be held at Chicago on the second day of June, 1880." This Somerset revolt is led by Gen. Wm. H. Koontz, who has always been the outspoken and consistent foe of the Cameron "machine," and there can be no doubt that he will be backed up by a large majority of the Republicans in that county.

Such seems also to be the case in every other portion of the State where a similar movement has been inaugurated.—The Republicans in Blair and Bedford counties are said to be strongly opposed to a third term, and we have no doubt the same is true of our own county.

This Blaine rebellion against Cameron's unit resolution at Harrisburg is now in progress in a large number of districts in this State, and the question will be squarely submitted to the Chicago convention. Has a district the right to choose its own delegates, or must it surrender that right to a State convention? There can be, or at least ought to be, but one answer to such a plain proposition.

THE military board which spent several months at West Point last year in a re-examination of the case of Fitz John Porter, and which made a report completely vindicating his military conduct at the second battle of Bull Run in 1862, for which he was made a sacrifice to save the reputation of Gen. John Pope, was composed of Generals Schofield, Terry and Getty. A bill is now pending in Congress covering Gen. Porter's case and has been somewhat discussed, but will most likely go over until the next session. One evening last week, Gen. Terry, who was in Washington, attended a reception at Senator Blaine's and the finding of the Court Martial against Gen. Porter having, during the course of the evening, become a subject of conversation, Mr. Blaine himself taking part in it, Gen. Terry said to quite a number of persons who had gathered around him:

"I am a 'black Republican.' All my feelings are with the Republican party, and all my convictions were against Gen. Porter. I had always considered him guilty and his punishment just. When I was detailed on this board and went to West Point, I told Gen. Porter that he ought to object to my sitting in judgment upon him, that my prejudices were so strong against him that it was not fair that the case should be submitted to me. 'I don't care at all for that,' Gen. Porter replied; 'all I want is to be heard.' I did hear him, and I became so thoroughly convinced of his innocence that I feel as though I could never say enough to help me undo that terrible wrong to a brave soldier which I myself had to some extent helped for so many years to perpetuate."

A BABY BORN BENEATH THE ALPS.—A Geneva correspondent of the London *Times* writes:

The St. Gothard Tunnel, the longest in the world, in the construction of which more lives have been lost than in any other similar undertaking, has now acquired the unique distinction of being the scene of a birth. According to the *Urea Zeitung*, a woman went into the tunnel one day last week to see her husband, who was working there, when the heat and the sights of the place brought on prematurely the pains of labor, and she was safely delivered of a fine child. Mother and child are said to be doing as well as could be expected. The workmen at the Airola side of the tunnel are suffering more from smoke and heat than they were before the meeting of the galleries. Owing to the north outlet being at a lower level than the south, the atmospheric pressure is greater there than at the other end. Hence there is a constant current of air towards Airola, which carries the smoke of the lamps and the foul air in that direction; but as yet it is not sufficiently powerful to carry them out of the tunnel altogether.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A glass manufactory is to be built at Parker Pa., at once.

—Mr. John M. Clark has been Sheriff of Boston for twenty-five years.

—A Georgia Methodist has given $2,500 to build a church in Shanghai, China.

—A Chester Valley hen recently laid an egg three inches long and about as thick as a pipe stem.

—Hon. Jeremiah S. Black is quoted as declaring that he has "no preference for the Presidency except Gen. Hancock."

—Mr. John Klopp, a grocer of Reading, has a hen which laid an egg that measured 7¾ by 6¾ inches, and weighed 3½ ounces.

—A drunken couple at Siginaw, Mich., took their little girl, aged 7, along on a spree, and finally left her intoxicated in the street.

—At Waco, Texas, on Sunday night, Will Hardwick killed John French, a rival in a love affair, and then committed suicide.

—Mr. A. S. Musser, of Mountville, Columbia county, has a hen that laid an egg measuring 6¾x8 inches, and weighing 6 ounces.

—A little boy at Humestown, Iowa, hanged himself because a baby sister received the attention that had previously been bestowed on himself.

—Mr. William McElree, of Franklin, Washington county, threshed 950 bushels of oats and 1,160 bushels of wheat in four days with a thresher.

—A powerful bulldog entered a school room in Harrisburg on Wednesday of last week, and, attacking the children, bit seven of them seriously.

—The British steamer Darita was sunk the other day by a collision on the river Danube. Eleven passengers and five of the crew were drowned.

—The Danielites, members of the latest English sect, are strict vegetarians, and also abstainers from beer, wines and spirits, snuff and tobacco.

—A disastrous fire broke out in Harrisburg on Saturday afternoon, destroying the car shop planing mill, ten dwelling houses and two stables. The total loss is about $40,000.

—There is a Swede living in Henderson county, Tenn., who claims to be 147 years old. He has lived in that county for forty years, and until the last two has made his own living.

—At the Brompton Oratory, a few days ago, thirteen Ritualists, five of them ex-clergymen, were received into the Catholic Church. Nine more of the same group await reception.

—Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer, took possession on Saturday of the Philadelphia house presented to him, and for the first time in over nine years had all his children around him.

—Nine disinterested Republicans have announced themselves as candidates for the nomination for Sheriff in Westmoreland county, where the Democrats are pretty certain to elect their man after all.

—Another genuine wife of Clarence E. Davis, the bigamist, now a prisoner at Chicago, has been discovered. She is from Wisconsin and has a marriage certificate dated November, 1876. She is No. 14.

—Lettie Guy of Syracuse whistles for money, and it comes to her. She gives whistling concerts, is young, and looks pretty and Guy-less with her lips puckered. Her performance sounds like a piccolo.

—The family of Cornelius Palmer, living near Tweed, Ontario, were poisoned on Saturday by eating wild parsnips. One child is dead and the mother and four children are in a dangerous condition.

—In Pittsburgh, on Friday last, the Western Iron Association met and lowered the price of finished iron from 4 to 3 2-10 cents. The movement is intended to decrease the price of pig, and discourage foreign importation.

—Two double-yolked eggs in a Pottstown nest hatched out two double chickens, each chicken having four wings, four legs and two heads. They were the property of Mrs. Isaac Yorkey. Both of them have died.

—Daniel Conroy, the gem puzzle madman, is not violent now, and his friends feel that he is recovering his reason. He sleeps well and enjoys his meals. Citizens of Erie have opened a subscription for the benefit of his family.

—Eleven persons were killed and a number of others injured by a fire and explosion in the oil well of Bart, Bolton & Haywood, at Silverton, near North Woolwich, Eng., on Tuesday last. The loss is estimated at thousands of pounds.

—A special from Dowington, Chester county, gives the particulars of a fatal explosion on Friday last, by which two men were killed and ten were wounded. The men were quarrying stone, when a large charge of dynamite suddenly exploded.

—Wm. Clark, of West Goshen township, Chester county, is the proud possessor of a shoat pig that made its appearance upon this mundane spere about six months ago, and, that, too, without ears. It presents a strange appearance.

—A petition one hundred and eighty-eight yards long was recently presented to the House of Representatives by Mr. Brewster, of Michigan, signed by 34,000 women, who want Congress to prohibit the making and selling or ardent spirits in this country.

—A toll gate near Greensburg, Ind., is guarded night and day by ten armed men, at an expense of $175 a week, while the receipts are only $10. The residents have repeatedly destroyed it, and the company have resolved to defend it at any cost.

—A man named Charles Easterday attempted to board a moving freight train near Newport on Saturday last, while intoxicated, and was thrown to the track and had his head badly cut. He died on the train while being taken to his home at Harrisburg.

—Jacob Palmer, of Sporting Hill, Berks county, is the owner of a chicken which was hatched five weeks ago, and rejoices in the possession of four well-developed legs. Most singular of all, it uses its four legs in walking, and is as active as any other 5-weeks-old chick.

—Mrs. Wilhelmina Treske, a German lady of 60 years, living in Louisville, Ky., was murdered by her oldest son William on Saturday forenoon. The boy has been crazy for the past three years. No one witnessed the deed, which was done with a butcher knife.

—A farmer at Rochester, Mo., told his wife that $800, which they had saved by many years of industry and economy had been stolen. He was mistaken, for within an hour he found the treasure where he had mislaid it; but the wife had already died of heart disease, in consequence of the shock.

—A dispatch from Reading, Pa., says that an innkeeper of New Holland, named Marks, who died on Monday, made confession that he himself and a neighbor named Weldler murdered and robbed a peddler whose body some time ago was found in a creek. The authorities are looking for Weldler.

—When Hart, the colored pedestrian, had accomplished the wonderful performance of 316 miles in three days, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, who happened to be in Gilmore Garden at the time, took a $500 bill from his pocket and handed it to Hart. The pedestrian, utterly surprised, thanked him and then proceeded on his travels.

—A herd of 23,800 cattle is being driven from Oregon to Montana; 120 mounted men do the driving, and the outfit includes provision wagons, arms, ammunition, 800 horses and 40 dogs. The journey is made slowly, a day's travel not exceeding nine miles, and the speed will be lessened when hot weather comes on, in order not to get the beasts into bad condition.

—Mr. James Wagonseller, of Glen Moore, Chester county, has an earthen keg that holds one gallon of liquid. It is bound around with wooden hoops. This singular-looking keg came from Wales, and is very old. It is a great curiosity and attracts much attention.

—A controversy has arisen in respect to a property recently sold at sheriff's sale in Montgomery county and the title to which is in the name of Mrs. Eveline C. Cole, the wife of Henry Cole, the famous forger, who was convicted in the United States Court at Trenton in January, 1879. Cole was alleged to be the greatest forger of his day.

—King Theebau has his imitators out in Nevada. The Eureka *Sentinel* of last week says that a number of Indians recently buried a warrior known as "Old Adam" alive. The Indians explained that Adam was about to die anyhow. This world is hardly yet a Sunday school out for an airing, even if we do live in the nineteenth century.

—Fourteen thousand English clergymen have signed a memorial to the Bishops of the Church of England, calling upon them to use their influence as members of Parliament to put more restrictions on the trade in intoxicating liquors, and declaring it to be their conviction that the condition of the English people can never be improved, physically or religiously, till this is done.

—A locomotive which, if it equals expectation, will run ninety consecutive miles in ninety minutes, is being built for the Reading Railroad. It is to be used between Philadelphia and New York. Its driving wheels are a foot larger than common in diameter, its weight is five tons greater, and its water tank holds 4,000 gallons; thus no stop will be necessary by the way.

—Matthew McKay, of Oswego, N.Y., has been bothered at finding his clock stopped mornings. He had it examined, but the repairer could find nothing wrong. He watched, and discovered the family cat to be the cause of the mischief. Attracted by the ticking of the clock, she climbed up to the shelf, pulled open the door, and pawed the hands around the dial till it stopped.

—A two-story tenement block, at Haverhill Mass., occupied by ten families, was burned Sunday morning. Smith H. Brown, alias McHenry, aged thirty-eight, and Charles Abbot, aged about fifty-six, who occupied an attic, were suffocated and their bodies partly burned. Mrs. Emma Roberts was severely burned in the face and injured internally by jumping out of a window. Loss $2,000.

—The ex-Empress Eugenie, before starting for Zululand, presented her imperial crown to the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris. It is of great value on account of its artistic composition and the number of precious stones it contains. She left it behind, with most of her valuables, in her hurried flight from the Tuileries, but in the subsequent arrangement of her affairs after the Commune it was restored to her.

—Senator Wallace has shown up the utter hypocrisy of the Hayes civil service order forbidding the taxing of Federal officers for campaign purposes. His report explains how the Republican managers extort money from Federal employees, and how Hayes approved of the plan by which $106,000 was wrung out of poor clerks and others in Washington. The whole thing is not only a fraud, but a flagrant violation of the law of 1876.

—An unknown man supposed to be from Warren, Pa., Washington, D. C., or New York, has been found dead on the P. R. R. bridge over the Susquehanna at Maysville. It seems that the unfortunate man, while endeavoring to get on the bridge to go eastward some time during the night, must have fallen from the top of the abutment to the rocks beneath, a distance of some 30 feet, striking on his head and killing him instantly.

—Recent dispatches from Burmah by way of London bring the news that 700 human beings sacrificed by King Theebau at the Burmese capital to propitiate evil spirits were not burned to death, but were buried alive. The full depth of this horror probably will not be fathomed until English correspondents reach Mandalay, but it is now known that 700 men, boys, women, girls, priests and foreigners have been entombed under the towers of the city walls.

—William Fitzgerald, a painter, and Michael Nestman, a butcher, have lived in the same house in St. Louis for some time past, and their families have been in almost continual warfare. Sunday morning the men had an altercation about the position of some washtubs placed at the hydrant by Mrs. Fitzgerald. Nestman proceeded to remove the tubs, when Fitzgerald commanded him to let them alone. Nestman paying no attention to this order, Fitzgerald drew a revolver and shot him, killing him almost instantly. Fitzgerald then fled.

—A negro outraged the person of a white widow named Martha Haney, a few miles from Memphis, on Friday morning, under circumstances of the most brutal character. Mrs. Haney was coming into Memphis on foot, and, being met by the negro, was stopped by him, when he made improper proposals to her. She rejected his proposals, and sought to evade him by hastening on her journey. He knocked her down with a piece of board, outraged her and left her insensible. He was subsequently arrested and committed for a hearing. His name is Mumford McDowell.

—At noon on Thursday a desperate effort was made to kill a keeper at the Western Penitentiary, in Allegheny. Robert Hays, the victim, had taken three prisoners into the laundry, and while his back was turned to one of them he was knockek senseless with a billy. He fell, and they tied his hands and feet, and gagged him. They then made a rope and attempted to scale the wall, but when half way up the rope broke and they fell back and were injured. An alarm was given, and they were captured. The keeper is badly cut on the back of the head and forehead.

—Enoch Moslander, bachelor, 77 years old, living alone on a farm in West Virginia, three miles from Bellaire, Ohio, was found on Wednesday, burned to death, in his house. A large hole was burned in the floor; but, by some means, the fire had been extinguished. The theory of the neighbors is that robbers had tortured him to death, trying to get him to confess where his money was. Three years ago three masked men almost burned him to death, for the same purpose, and it was generally believed that he had a large sum of money hidden in his house.

—The Norristown *Herald* says that in one corner of Wentz's woods, in Whitpain township, are two grave-stones bearing the names of Anthony Fresh and his wife, who died respectively in 1751 and 1766. The ground on which they stand was bought for a grave-yard by the Boehm's church congregation when it was first organized, but in a short time afterward the church was removed to Blue Bell, and these were the only persons interred there. Near the graves is a tree whose branches all incline downward from the trunk. There is a tradition in the neighborhood that a stake was placed in the ground at the time of the first funeral to mark the spot where the grave was to be dug, and that it took root and grew, but having been put in the earth upper end down, the result was that its branches grew in this unnatural direction.

PROFIT $1,200.—"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit." M. L. Ostman, is sole agent for Hop Bitters in Ebensburg.

THE MAMORE AND MADEIRA RAIL ROAD.—The Philadelphia *Record* of yesterday week tells the story of the recent decision of the English House of Lords against the right of the Messrs. Collins to the fund in the Bank of England, for the purpose of constructing the railroad in Brazil above named, in this wise:

The English mail of yesterday brought the full text of the decision, delivered two weeks ago to-day in the House of Lords, by which the sum of £850,000 ($4,250,000), which is now lying in the Bank of England, as the proceeds of bonds sold for the purpose of constructing the Madeira and Mamore Railroad, was ordered to be divided among the bondholders. It will be remembered that last summer a similar decision was given in a lower Court—the Court of Appeal. At that time Lord Justice James based his action upon the ground that the construction of the Madeira and Mamore Railroad (with which the Messrs. Collins were at that time proceeding) was utterly impracticable, and his Lordship further went out of his way to declare that the railroad company was a "fiction and a sham, created and existing for the sole purpose of deluding a credulous public," and added that its promoters "polluted the temple of justice by their presence."

The decision of the House of Lords, however, while it returns the money to the bondholders, is based upon entirety different grounds to those advanced by Lord Justice James. The Lord Chancellor, who delivered the final judgment, said in effect that the concession of the Bolivian Government to the National Bolivian Navigation Company stipulated that the railroad should be completed within two years. This stipulation was not complied with, and, the Republic having withdrawn its concession to the company, the bondholders have a right to demand that the money should be returned. "It has been said," continued his Lordship, "that the Brazilian Government is prepared to make such concession as would enable the work to proceed, but we have not sufficient evidence of this fact before us to take it into account in arriving at a decision."

After expressions of opinion by the Judges, all the law lords in attendance at the session, viz., the Lord Chancellor, Lords Hatherly, Penzance, O'Hagan and Selborne, voted in favor of dividing the fund among the bondholders.

The London *Times*, in a lengthy leader on the day after the decision, also went back on its own record by admitting that the construction of the railroad was feasible, although it had previously denied this fact again and again. Said the *Times*: "There is no doubt that a railroad could be made from San Antonio to the Bolivian frontier, although swamps and fevers abound and labor is scarce and Indians not always friendly. Given plenty of time and money and clever engineers the obstacle might be overcome. But it is to be feared that in any practical sense the projected railroad is a chimera. It could not be constructed with the money in hand or with any which is likely to come in, and if the trustees paid out what they have the result would be an abortive railroad terminating abruptly in some primeval forest or dismal swamp."

THE GREATEST SCORE ON RECORD.—The closing scene of the great walking match last week at Gilmore's Garden, New York, is described as follows:

Frank Hart, the colored boy from Boston, won the greatest six days' walking match that has ever been contested. When he stopped to take the belt at twenty-five minutes after nine o'clock on Saturday night his score showed 565 miles and 165 yards. This is a trifle over fifteen miles further than Weston traveled when he earned his best record, and it beats the record made by Blower Brown on the week ending February 21, 1880, when his score showed 553 miles, 125 yards. That was, until Saturday night, the greatest score ever made.

The appearance of the men on Saturday morning was something wonderful. Hart was in the best condition. After 12 and before 3 o'clock p. m. incidents of interest were sudden changes in the betting from even money to eight to one against Hart accomplishing 565 miles. This was caused by Hart's appearance on the track in an overcoat and walking very slowly. It was said his head and stomach were in bad condition and he was growing very intractable, but within half an hour after Hart appeared on the track in his usual attire and joked in a laughing manner with Howard.

At eight o'clock Hart, while on the last lap of the 550th mile, was prevented by a quartette of ladies in one of the boxes with a handsome sash, of red, white and blue silk, which was placed around his shoulder. At this time there were about 8,000 persons in the garden. At 8:11 the figures on the bulletin announced that Hart had completed his 560th mile, being 7½ miles ahead of the best time on record. As he reached the scorers' stand he was halted and presented with a magnificent floral design. At 8:28 Hanwaker scored his 450th mile, thereby becoming entitled to a share of the gate money, which, however, will amount to only $53.

During the evening Hart received from H. J. McSwyny, in behalf of "An unknown," a challenge for the O'Leary belt.

At 9:28 the heavy silver belt was taken from its case. Hart came down the stretch carrying a silk flag, while the band played "Yankee Doodle." Referee Curtis fastened the broad plates of the belt around the young fellow's waist, and amidst thunders of applause he rounded the track on the last lap of the greatest six days' walk that ever took place. He completed 565 miles and 165 yards at 9 o'clock, 24 minutes and 30 seconds. Allen made the greatest record for the last day, viz, 88 miles and one lap.

The final score was: Hart, 565; Dobler 551; Pegram, 543.7; Howard, 534.5; Allen, 525.2; Krohne, 516; Williams 503.5; Hanwaker, 450.3.

SAM PATCH OUTDONE.—A dispatch from Munfordsville, Ky., dated Monday last, says:

A few days since, Thomas Boyd, a clock-tinker, claiming Belfast, Ireland, as his home, came to this place and had a notice published in the Hart County *Democrat* that he would jump off the railroad bridge across Green river, a structure one hundred and twenty-five feet high. At ten o'clock on Sunday last people began to gather from all points in the country. By twelve o'clock at least one thousand people had collected, eager and anxious to see the unparalleled feat.

When the bridge watchman had informed the impatient crowd that the railroad company had given him orders to stop Boyd from jumping numerous threats were made by the most determined to have him make the leap. Dissatisfied, the crowd moved a short distance up the river, and made Boyd climb a sycamore tree about forty feet high and jump from that. This he did with dexterity. The crowd cheered furiously, and became so much the more anxious to see him make the leap from the bridge.

Finally, as a last resort, dispatches were sent to the proper railroad authorities in Louisville on the subject, and, in reply, word was received that he could do so under protest and at his own peril. Clothed in black pants and white vest, a tight-fitting skull cap and in his stocking feet, he walked out to the middle of the bridge as cool as most men under ordinary circumstances.

The immense gathering of people, so far beneath that they looked like pigmies, was moved by intense feeling and became hushed and silent. One, two, three, and the daring diver, springing head foremost, dashed one hundred and twenty feet down into the water below. For a few seconds he was underneath the water; but as soon as he appeared above the surface, swimming lustily, a tremendous cheer went up from both banks of the river, and the canoe that paddled him ashore was met by hundreds of excited people, and Boyd's cap was filled to overflowing with silver.

He is the same man that jumped off the Ohio Falls bridge; but this is at least thirty feet higher, and is decidedly the highest jump and the most daring feat of the kind ever performed in America. Saturday he proposes to jump off the railroad bridge at Bowling Green.

A STRANGE STORY.—Nothing more remarkable than the following has ever come under our observation:

In 1853 four gentleman entered their sons at boarding-school at Cokesbury, S. C. They had been for years intimate friends and clergymen in the Methodist Church. These boys remained at this school, room-mates and classmates, for two years, and entered Wofford College, standing relatively first, second third and fourth in a large class. They remained at this institution four years, were room mates all the time, graduating relatively first, second, third and fourth. They then entered a law office at Spartanburg and studied law under the same Chancellor. The war broke out, and at the call for troops they all entered Jenkins's rifle regiment from South Carolina, and were messmates in the same company. Being near the same height, they stood together as comrades in battle in this regiment. At the second battle of Manassas, August, 1864, a shell from the enemy's battery fell in the ranks of this company, killed these four boys and none other in the company. They are buried on the battle field and sleep together in the same grave. Their names were Capers, McSwain, Smith and Duncan, and they were the sons of Bishop Capers, Rev. Drs. McSwain and Smith, of South Carolina, and Rev. Mr. Duncan, of Virginia, the last being a brother of Rev. Dr. Duncan of Randolph Macon College. The grave is marked by a granite cross, and inclosed with an iron railing.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE HORROR.—A terrible and mysterious crime has just been brought to light in New Hampshire, the particulars of which are contained in the following dispatch from New Market, dated April 10th:

Yesterday afternoon, while three little girls were gathering flowers in the woods at Durham, N. H., they discovered the headless body of a young man nearly nude. The town authorities were immediately notified, and an investigation showed that a brutal murder had been committed, but by whom is as yet a mystery. The body was found lying face downward at full length, with both arms resting underneath and only covered with a shirt. The right arm was severed from the body at the shoulder and the head had also been cut off and has not yet been found. About three hundred feet away the cost, pantaloons and vest were found and in another direction, some twenty-five feet distant, a linen collar, cap, necktie and shirt bosom, which had been torn completely off. There were three gold studs with garnet settings in the shirt bosom. The top part of the skull is minus the hair over a space nearly as large as a saucer and the murderer's oak club, about three feet long, were also found in a lot in the clearing. It is evident that here is where the murder was committed. Several pieces of skull and brain were scattered about, all indicating a desperate struggle for life. The authorities are carefully investigating the matter. Meanwhile great excitement prevails in the neighborhood.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE A CLERGYMAN.—We find the following in one of our exchanges:

A cowardly attempt at assassination was made at the residence of Rev. Father Herman, a Catholic priest, one mile south of Farmington, Fayette county, on Monday night of last week. Father Herman lives alone, and had just retired to bed, between eight and nine o'clock, when two gunshots were fired outside the house, near the front door. In his excitement Father Herman called out, "Who's there?" and started for the door, when a third shot was fired through the door. The charge consisted of nine heavy buckshot, all of which passed entirely through the door and fell on the floor near about the centre of the room.—The theory is that the first shots were fired to bring Father Herman to the door, and the last were intended to kill him, which it came near doing as he was almost in the act of opening the door when the bullets passed through it, within three inches of the lock. They went through obliquely, and no doubt were intended to take effect when the door was partly open. But they were fired a moment too soon. The assailants consisted of two unknown men. Father Herman was formerly pastor of the Catholic church at Brownsville.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Michigan, will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

THIS NEWSPAPER

WILL BE OF SERVICE TO ALL BUYERS OF

DRY GOODS AND FANCY GOODS!

AS IT CONTAINS A PARTIAL CATALOGUE OF GOODS AT THE

GRAND DEPOT:

JOHN WANAMAKER.

What the People want to know is

Where can the Largest Stock be found?

Where can the Newest Goods always be had?

Where may buyers be sure of the Very Lowest Prices?

IT IS QUITE TRUE THAT THERE ARE MANY EXCELLENT STORES TO DEAL AT, BUT THE GRAND DEPOT AIMS TO

Show its Customers the Largest Variety of Goods.

Show its Customers the Greatest Conveniences

Show its Customers Unusual Accommodations.

Show its Customers Truest Satisfaction.

THE SPRING 1880

OPENS ALTOGETHER

THE MOST MAGNIFICENT STOCK!

We have outstripped all previous efforts in selecting and arranging our stock. Take a walk through the Grand Depot, and kindly send us word where such another stock can be found or what goods we lack. Do not hesitate to ask for Fine Goods, as we have them. Do not hesitate to give orders for goods if not judges of quality, because we guarantee our goods to be as stated. Buyers run no risk, as any article that does not please or suit for color, size, quality, or any other cause, may be returned, if in same condition as when bought. This Catalogue is only partial on account of space required. We observe alphabetical order to be easy for reference.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

ART NEEDLE WORK.—This stock abounds in all the Novelties of Fancy Needle Work, not only in Crewel Work, but in Zephyrs and Fancy Embroidery Materials of every kind, together with designs of every character. Our Customers are always sure of something new at the now famous "Round Counter."

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

BLACK AND MOURNING GOODS.—Lupin's and all other best makes of Cashmeres. Cashmere Jude, Tamise Silk and Wool Henrietta Cloth, Grenadines, &c. In these goods we seek to be worthy of such confidence as is sometimes necessary when purchases must be made in haste.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

CORSETS.—Every change in fashion is closely watched and followed, and every style and shape is kept on hand, so that every figure can be fitted, either "short-waisted or "long-waisted," slim or stout. The same make of corsets cannot be adapted to every figure, notwithstanding the new inventions that are put on the market claiming to fit any and every person. As a necessity we keep fifty-two makes or shapes, and the Lady Corsetaire in charge of the department makes it a study to select the proper thing for our customers.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

COSTUMES.—A thoroughly Up-to-the Fashion Department, replete with Silk, Cashmere, Fancy and Plain Suits for Dress, Dinner Parties, Street Wear, Promenade, Evening, Wedding or Funeral occasions. First-class Modistes ready at a moment's notice to make to order for those who do not choose the Ready-Made Cloaks, Coats and Ulsters. A superb stock of the loveliest and latest conceptions.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

CLOTHING.—We have Four Distinct Departments for Clothing:

No. 1—Gentlemen's Ready-Made.
2—Gentlemen's Custom Department.
3—Boys' and Children's Ready-Made.
4—Misses' Coats and Dresses.

We keep in each Department such an assortment as will do credit to the house.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

DRESS GOODS FOR LADIES.—Those who have never looked over the 11 long counters devoted to Dress Fabrics will have no idea of the extent and variety we keep ready. No trouble will be spared to bring together in this section every desirable material made in any part of the world.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

EMBROIDERIES, RUCHINGS, Collars, Cuffs, Hamburg Edgings—all that go under the head of "White Goods"—are gathered in beautiful array in this extensive section that carries a stock as large and complete as in any Store solely devoted to this business.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

FLANNELS, MUSLINS, LININGS.—All the popular makes of each kind of Goods always on hand.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

FRINGES, TRIMMINGS, NOTIONS, BUTTONS.—These sections have grown in favor lately because the stock is so much more complete. We aim to have everything that Ladies need in trimming dresses or for general sewing.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

GLASS AND CHINA WARE.—The extent of this Department amazes everybody. Up from the finest Decorated Dinner Sets down to the lowest ranges of Crockery Ware we have a full stock.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

GLOVES.—Kid Gloves of exquisite quality and finish, "Jugla," "Alexandre," "Courvasier's" and "Foster's," and a marvelous assortment of Fabric Gloves.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

HOSIERY AND SILK AND MERINO UNDERWEAR. This is one of the largest departments of the store, and it is now admitted that we have succeeded in offering (by means of our foreign connections) the finest stock of Ladies', Gents' and Children's Hosiery that is presented in any house in this country. We import direct the Cartwright & Warners, Bretle's, Morley's and such things; but as no good stock would be complete without these goods we do not consider it worth while to specially advertise them.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.—Two Sections.
1—Linen Goods, Sheetings, Table Furnishings.
2—All kinds of Kitchen Goods.
These stocks are now more complete than ever they were.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

HATS AND CAPS for Gents, Boys and Children in extensive assortment and of qualities unsurpassed anywhere.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

INFANTS' OUTFITS, Misses' Clothing, Baby Coaches and everything needed for little people's wardrobes.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

JEWELRY, FANCY GOODS, Jet Ornaments, Belts, Fans, Pocketbooks, Frames, Ladies' Bags and Japanese Goods in great abundance and large variety.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

KERAMICS, POTTERY and handsome pieces for Home Decoration not at fancy prices.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

LACES, RUCHINGS, TIDIES.—All the daintiest, delicatest productions of the hand and loom, from costly old Point Lace to ordinary Bretonne, always ready to show, and the prices named are medium and proper, though these Goods are considered the high-profit Goods of the trade.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

MILLINERY.—Two spacious Saloons and Private Rooms for our customers to see and select Bonnets and Hats. The tastiest artists we can get are in our work rooms, and rarely are two Bonnets made alike. Flowers and Feathers and Untrimmed Hats are in this department.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

NOVELTIES IN SILKS.—Magnificent Black and Colored Silks—Rare Brocades. All the finest makes in the world contribute to make this department gorgeous in rich fabrics, and nothing is lacking to supply full assortment of all the dependable materials—such as Pongees, Foulards, &c.—used in Ladies' Dresses.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

OVERSHOES AND OVERCOATS FOR LADIES.—Rubber Goods of every kind; in fact, we endeavor to make the Grand Depot the depository or agency for all the Gossamer Coatmakers and the variety of useful articles made in rubber.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES of every description. Cartwright's and Colgate's Soaps; Condry's Toilet Goods by direct importation. A special article of Tooth Powder that is highly praised. We ordered 50 gross of it in one order.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

QUILTS AND BLANKETS, Counterpanes, Quilt Blankets, Piano and Table Covers in full assortment and at reasonable prices.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

RIBBONS of every conceivable hue, quality, width and pattern. Nothing in this line surpasses the vast stock in this section.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

SHOES for Ladies, Misses, Children and Gents. This department is known to form the largest Shoe Store in the United States. We have greatly improved the qualities, and the vast sales allow small prices for everything.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

SILVERWARE, CUTLERY, CLOCKS and reliable goods wanted in every household. We do not keep anything except that made by the best makers.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

SHAWLS, from the finest India—price, $600—to the lowest grade at $8. Every class of Plain and Gay Wraps, Breakfast and evening Shawls at moderate prices.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

STATIONERY.—Books, Inkstands, Gold Pens, Pencils, School Stationery, Blank Books. The finest grades of Mourning and other papers. Dinner Cards, Cards of Invitation engraved in finest manner.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

TOYS, GAMES, ARCHERY, FISHING TACKLES, CROQUET and the little knick-knacks wanted for the amusement of children. We keep these goods for the convenience of our customers.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

UNDERGARMENTS of Linen and Muslin for Ladies in grand assortment. This is a specially successful department because of its largeness and the fine character of the stock. Also Misses' and Children's Underwear.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

UPHOLSTERY GOODS.—Lace Curtains, Cretonnes, Raw Silk and Jute Coverings, Cornices, Rugs, Mats and Crumb Cloths, Linoleum, &c. In fact, everything needed to furnish a house throughout.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

VALISES, TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS, Cabas, Satchels and the requisites of tourists.

THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

WOOLENS, SACKINGS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES for Boys' Wear, Velveteens, Corduroys and all the desirable goods for Children's Clothing.

A VISIT OF INSPECTION IS REQUESTED.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

GRAND DEPOT, - - - - - - 13th STREET,

GRAND DEPOT, - - - 13th STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 16, 1880.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Here, There and the Other Place.

—The wind for several days this week was high as the price of print paper.

—The letting of the work on the Somerset and Cambria railroad has been postponed till next month.

—This region was yesterday gladdened by a warm rain and the first chirp of the little martin.

—A twelve-pound pike is said to have been caught in the Kiskiminetas river, near [illegible], on Saturday last.

—Contracts have thus far been awarded for the construction of ten sections of the Somerset and Cambria railroad.

—It is said that a woman bangs her hair when she wants to be pretty, and bangs the door when she wants to be ugly.

—[illegible] Yingling, of Clay township, [illegible] county, aged about 60 years, was found dead in his bed a few days ago.

—A pert miss of eight years, Sarah C. [illegible] by name, died in Altoona the other day from the effects of excessive rope-jumping.

—Persons who intend making carpet this spring will find the largest assortment of [illegible] at the store of V. S. Barker & Bro.

—The Huntingdon *Local News* can't Let[illegible] up a room in that place for business purposes without making a note of the fact.

—If you take our advice you will lose no time in asking your druggist for "Sellers' Cough Syrup"—without an equal. Price 25 cents.

—The best physicians assure us that Dr. [illegible] Cough Syrup is a reliable and never failing remedy. All Druggists keep it. 25 cents a bottle.

—Our welcome Wilmore correspondent furnishes the full particulars of two very sad accidents which occurred in that vicinity on Saturday last.

—The telegraph wire on the line between [illegible] and Cresson was broken last Saturday evening, and was not repaired till the ensuing Monday morning.

—We wish to say once for all that bogus [illegible] tickets have never been and never will be issued from this office, no matter who should want them or what the price offered.

—Dr. Creery, surgeon dentist, of this place, will pay a professional visit to Wilmore on Monday next. Our friends in that vicinity will find him a genial gentleman and a good dentist.

—The young folks of our town are making an effort to get up an archery club, and should it prove a success the ladies interested will no doubt make many *an arrow* escape from their beaus.

—The Altoona *Sun* credits Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., of this place, with saying that the [illegible] is full of Bayard men, and that he will be the next Senator from this district, [illegible]. So mote it be.

—Our young friend Tom Reilly, nephew of Hon. John Reilly and son-in-law of our correspondent, "Rob Roy," was in town on Wednesday, but seems to have had too much business on hand to give us a call.

—Hon. Thos. P. Fenlon, of Leavenworth, Kansas, departed for his Western home on [illegible] morning last, though we don't more than half believe that his heart was in the trip. A safe journey we hope he has had of it.

—Mr. Philip Hoover, of Carroll township, was lately affected by a severe attack of erysipelas, but we are glad to know that he has so far recovered as to be able to make his appearance once more on our streets this week.

—The sword carried by Capt. James Murray, deceased, during the Mexican war has been presented by his daughter, Mrs. Ann [illegible], to Mr. W. A. Simpson, law student in the office of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., in this place.

—Sleep is absolutely necessary for health, and nothing so effectually robs one of sleep as does a crying baby. Use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup to ease its pain and the baby will be quieted and allow all to sleep well. Price 25 cents a bottle.

—Thomas Cochran, the lad who killed a youthful companion named Johnny Hough [illegible] on the 16th of last month, by striking him on the head with a railroad [illegible], was convicted in Pittsburgh, on Saturday last, of murder in the second degree.

—Dr. Abner Griffith returned home on [illegible] night last from a visit to the evergreen [illegible] of Florida, where he had been for a couple of months past in pursuit of that greatest of earthly boons, good health, of which we hope he has secured enough to do him the balance of his days.

—Andy Cross, barkeeper at the Maitland House, Altoona, got cross at a couple of inebriated individuals who crossed his path by inaugurating a bar-room rumpus, and "striking from the shoulder" he broke one of [illegible], which of course made Cross a great deal crosser than ever.

—The County Commissioners have their eye on the Academy building, which they hope to secure as a concession, or at least at a mere nominal price, with a view to its demolition. In the erection of the new Court House the powers that be evidently intend to do things on the (whole) square.

—We have been told by a gentleman employed on the railroad, and who got his information direct from the engineer of the train that decapitated the boy at South Fork the other day, that when picked up the lifeless remains of the unfortunate lad were as cold and stiff as if life had been extinct for several hours.

—The roof of the Gautier Steel Works at Johnstown was damaged by fire about 2 o'clock on Saturday morning last, and about 6 o'clock, p. m., of the same day the boiler shop of the C. I. Co., located near the big rolling mill, was burned down, or nearly so, entailing a loss of about $4,000. Fully insured in both cases.

—During the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland county, from home, on Tuesday of last week, their daughter, a girl of 7 years, undertook to quicken the stove fire by pouring oil on it from a can. An explosion followed, and the girl and a brother of 3 years were so fearfully burned that they cannot recover.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. are doing a big business in carpets this Spring having received several lots during the present week, and having just completed the carpeting of the entire house in town. Go and examine their stock and prices if you are in need of any style of carpets, as they are positively underselling every one else in the business.

—A fellow unworthy of the name and form of a man was found concealed under the bed of Miss Katie Farabaugh, a young lady living in the family of Mr. Andrew Eckenrode, at Carrolltown, one night last week, and it is needless to say was hustled out double quick. He should have been [illegible] Eckenrode on a rail and doused in the mill pond.

—The dwelling-house of Mr. Edward Crouse, located near what is known as the Pensacola saw mill, in Cambria township, was burned to the ground, with most of its contents, on Saturday morning last. We did not learn the origin of the fire, but understand that Mr. Crouse's loss is partially covered by an insurance of $250 in the Cambria Mutual.

—We learn that Messrs. Harker have purchased, or are about to purchase, a large tract of coal and timber land from Mrs. Anna B. McGonigle, of Lilly's Station, for and in consideration of the sum of six thousand dollars.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* says that a young lady is reported to have lost her way in the woods while *en route* from New Germany to St. Bonifacius, and was rescued from starvation by a trout-fisherman who chanced along. She had tasted of nothing but roots and newly-fledged leaves for that period. What period? Please ac-commadate us with an answer.

—Poor Directors Kirkpatrick and Rorabaugh met in Johnstown on Wednesday last and selected Judge Easly to fill the unexpired term of the recently deceased member of said Board, ex-Sheriff Patterson. It would seem from this that as soon as Mr. Rorabaugh discovered that his associate was determined not to take the Water(s), the selection was Easly made.

—If you want to buy a sewing machine V. S. Barker & Bro. offer opportunities that you will not soon have again, as they have two or three of the celebrated Howe machines which they will sell at about one-fourth less than they can be bought from any one else, and all new and fully warranted. Take the chance while it is offered, as there are big bargains in these machines.

—Mr. John Cassidy, a well known resident of Dean township, died the latter part of last week, aged about 68 years. Deceased was a baker by trade and followed the business for many years at the foot of Plane No. 2, where he lived during the days of the Old Portage Railroad. He was an honest, upright man, and enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him during life. May he rest in peace.

—A young man named Guinevan was arrested by Officer Stutzman, railroad policeman, at East Conemaugh, on Tuesday last, for jumping on the cars and bumming his way over the road, was brought here and accorded a hearing before Esquire Kinkead the same night. Twenty days constitute the length of term which he will pass behind the bars. Guinevan says his home is in Altoona.

—Messrs. Jones and Curry, assignees of Wm. M. Lloyd, disposed of about forty more pieces of real estate by public outcry in Altoona on Monday last, realizing therefrom some $6,000, all the property disposed of bringing prices more than ordinarily good. The bank building was offered for sale, but but was eventually withdrawn, even the highest bid being considered much too low. The sale will be resumed on Wednesday next.

—The Altoona *Tribune* says a man gained admittance through a cellar window to a house in that city on Friday morning last, and that the lady of the house recognizing the depredator, pluckily threw him down stairs, when he hastily departed, leaving his boots behind, which he had taken off that he might ascend without making a noise. He cracked the lower step in his fall, and the side of his face presents a badly damaged appearance.

—Commissioners Campbell, Gurley and Davis and Clerk Dunnegan returned home from Warren, Pa., on Saturday evening, very much pleased with their trip and favorably impressed with the Court House at that place, which they pronounce a well-constructed building in every respect. Still, we don't feel Warren-ted in saying that they have determined to accept the Warren Court House as a model for the new temple of justice to be erected here, though that may come in due time.

—Our good old Democratic friend W. W. Harris, of Fairview, Jackson township, has very kindly sent us a box of cigars manufactured by himself from tobacco of his own raising. We appreciate the spirit which induced the 'Squire to do it so handsomely, and should he continue on in the manufacture of cigars we hope he will find ready sale for all the fruits of his industry—a consummation which we will be glad to aid so far as we can by noting the fact in the FREEMAN, if a fact it is, that he intends to engage permanently in the manufacture of the weed.

—An application for a new trial in the case of James and John McDermitt against Anthony Flynn, Alex. L. Holliday, George Bigham and Patrick Flynn, trespass quare clausum fregit, was heard before Judge Orvis of Bellefonte, at the Court House in this place, on Tuesday last. The argument was held, and, by order of Court, the award of the jury, which was for double damages to the extent of about $6,000 was reduced to $3,391.21, and if decision is not accepted by plaintiffs, within ten days, then a new trial shall be granted.

—The bridge across the E. & C. R. R., near Bradley's station, caught fire from the locomotive on Tuesday last, and when Rev. Father Ryan and E. R. Dunegan, Esq., of St. Augustine, reached that point on their way to Ebensburg they found a man named Rees, who lives only a few hundred feet from the bridge, standing there seemingly awaiting permission from the township authorities to tear up a few plank and put the fire out. It is needless to say that upon the arrival of the gentlemen named the work was done without orders.

—Hollidaysburg was visited by a very destructive fire on last Wednesday afternoon. It commenced at a stable on Wayne street, and before it was subdued destroyed twenty-two stables along an alley and eight dwelling houses, two of which were brick and the others frame. The loss is estimated at twenty thousand dollars, one-half of which is covered by insurance. The fire is believed to have been the work of an incendiary, as the stable in which it originated was unoccupied and had been boarded up the day previous. Several ice-houses, grape arbors and fruit trees were also destroyed.

—The Young America Clothing House, Altoona, is now filled to repletion with a superb stock of ready-made clothing for spring and summer wear, and next week the fact will be made known to our readers through the medium of a double-column advertisement. Meantime we advise our gentlemen friends to take a look at the stock, as we know that in goods and prices Messrs J. & D. Rosenthal have no occasion to take a back seat for anybody. Excellent goods, honest prices and courteous treatment is what the Young America Clothing House depends upon for success.

—A young man named Harry Black, who drives a team for our esteemed friend and patron, Mr. John Halton, coal dealer, of Altoona, had occasion, real or imaginary, on Friday morning last, to give one of his mules a severe beating, and, evidently by way of revenge, the quintessence of ears and stubbornness returned the compliment with interest soon after by planting one of his feet in young Black's breast, while he was in the act of stooping down to pick up the lines, fracturing two of his ribs and injuring him internally to such an extent that should hemorrhage intervene it was thought that he could not recover.

—The Carrolltown *News* has been authorized to announce the name of E. R. Dunnegan, Esq., Clerk to the Board of Commissioners, as a candidate for Prothonotary, and now it is *done again* through the FREEMAN as an item of current news and not because we have been authorized to make the announcement. In like manner, that is by authority, the Johnstown *Democrat* presents the name of Mr. Hugh McMonigle, of Prospect borough, a gentleman not unknown to political fame, as a candidate for the same office. If either of the parties named should be nominated and elected, we have no doubt whatever that he would do full justice to the position.

—A young man named Richard Thomas was struck by a car which was being dropped down the track of the C. I. Co.'s railroad, near the Rolling Mill, Johnstown, on last Monday afternoon, and falling under the wheels, his right leg was run over and so terribly crushed that it had to be amputated above the knee. The injured man recently came from Maryland and was making his home with his grandfather, a resident of Conemaugh borough. He was looking for work when the accident happened.

—The case of Jacob A. Harrold, formerly of this county, was called up for trial in the United States Circuit Court of Pittsburgh on Monday last. A number of witnesses from Johnstown were in attendance, all of whom were supposed to be in possession of more or less knowledge bearing on the alleged crooked claims against the government for which Mr. Horrold has been called upon to answer. When taken into Court Monday morning he was quite ill and had to be placed on a lounge in the rear of the Court room. His wife and mother attended him.

—We are a little late in noting the fact that Brothers Barclay, of the Altoona *Daily Sun*, have ordered and expect to house in course of two or three weeks a brand splinter new power press, the one now in use being "too slow in the motion" to run off as rapidly as need be the large and constantly increasing daily editions of that always lively and well-edited little journal. Syndicate or no syndicate, we are glad to know that the *Daily Sun*, although it don't appear until late in the afternoon of each day, is not a setting but a rising *Sun*, and that its permanence and prosperity is fully assured.

—Mrs. Rachel Smith, a widow, aged 70 years, who resides with her daughter on the Greensburg pike, near Adamsburg, Westmoreland county, will probably die from injuries received at the hands of an unknown man, supposed to be a burglar, who on Friday night last forced his way into the house by battering down the door. The daughter escaped by jumping through a window to a porch and rolling off to the ground, falling a distance of twelve feet and sustaining serious though not fatal injuries. She gave the alarm and neighbors hurried to the house, there to find Mrs. Smith weltering in her blood, unconscious and with a deep gash in her head. The would-be murderer in the meantime had fled, and has not yet been captured. Considerable money known to be in the house doubtless prompted the deed, but none of it was carried off.

—Maggie, a little eight-year-old daughter of Mr. Sylvester Crum, of Portage township, met with a shocking death on Saturday evening last, caused by the igniting of her clothes the day previous from an out-door fire which had been built for making soap or some other household purpose, and over which a kettle was suspended at the time. When discovered the poor little unfortunate was wrapped in flames, and so great was her consternation that she started to run and of course only fanned the flames and made the work of death more certain. She was followed as speedily as possible by her poor distracted mother, who eventually succeeded in tearing the burning clothes from her person, but not, however, until the flames had accomplished their cruel task and left no hope for their little victim. After suffering in great agony for more than a day, the unfortunate child died on Saturday evening, as already stated.

—The many friends in this county of Mr. and Mrs. William Berg, of Salina, Kansas, will be sorry to learn that they have just been called upon to mourn the death by drowning of one of their children—little Johnny, aged about four years—which sad event occurred on Wednesday of last week, the only witness to the accident being a still younger lad with whom the little unfortunate had been playing on the bank of Smoky Hill river. Mr. Berg is a brother of our respected townsman, Prof. H. Berg, County Superintendent, and, as is well known, formerly resided in this county, though for several years past he has been a citizen of Salina, where he and his brother Michael carry on the furniture and undertaking business, and where William at present fills the honorable position of Mayor. The sorrowing family, whom we had the pleasure of visiting some fifteen months ago, have our sincere sympathy in their sad bereavement.

—One day last week two gentlemen, whose places of residence are in Pittsburgh, arrived in this place, and the story they told, briefly stated was to this effect: Seventy-odd years ago a man was killed in the neighborhood of Harrisburg owning real estate which since then has gone away from all knowledge of his successors or anybody else. A spiritual medium got into communication with the gentlemen referred to above, and conveyed to them the welcome information that if the thing were rightly worked up they would fall heirs to a farm located in the northern part of this county, the title deeds to which were concealed in a garret in a certain house in Ebensburg. Mr. Evan E. Evans is the proprietor of the house which the two fortune-seekers first ransacked, and the vaults of the Court House were given their next attention. Dust and cobwebs were not lacking, neither was laughter on the part of those who knew what was the exact size of the "still hunt;" and to fitly wind up the matter the two explorers went away from their investigation about as wise as when they came. Verily, the foolish folks are not all dead yet.

—White township, like Johnstown, has within the last few days been the scene of no less than two conflagrations. The first of these occurred on Saturday evening, completely destroying the residence of Mr. Demetrius McGough, near the Clearfield township line, together with all the movable property it contained, which consisted not only of the household goods of the aforesaid gentlemen, but also a lot of furniture and some $300 in money belonging to his father, Mr. Charles McGough, who had stored his effects in his son's house preparatory to their removal to Altoona, where the latter gentleman was about to locate. Father and son were both in St. Augustine when this sad mishap befell them. The fire occurred on Monday afternoon, at the other extreme of the township, and was more destructive than the first one, inasmuch as it wiped out of existence both the house and barn of a farmer named Gowan or Cowan, a son-in-law of Mr. Levi Beers, who also lost, if we are rightly informed, nearly if not quite all his furniture, grain, hay, etc. We did not learn the origin of the fire, the full extent of the loss, nor the amount of insurance if any, in either case.

—As a matter of personal interest to many of our readers, and not as a matter of pecuniary interest to ourself, we published the list of Treasurer's sales of unseated lands in our present issue, having copied them from the Johnstown *Democrat* of last week, and if space permits will also publish the list of seated lands to be sold at the same time and place. If not, we will make room for them in our next issue. We have said that we do not publish these sales as a matter of pecuniary interest to ourself, and the reason we don't is because Treasurer Yeagley has seen fit to pass us by and give his advertising to the Carrolltown *News*. True, the *News* was not in existence when Dr. Yeagley was a candidate for the office he now fills, though there is no telling but what it may be in the land of the living when he runs for office the next time, and in these days of political progress it is of course considered the part of wisdom to make friends for the future rather than to reward those of the past. To all which we submit with the best grace possible, and still hope to keep the FREEMAN afloat, notwithstanding the many buffs and rebuffs to which of late we have been called upon to submit.

—We invite attention to the card of Mr. B. J. Lynch, manufacturer and dealer in home and city furniture, etc., Altoona, Pa., whom we have known for many years and whom we can truthfully say is as honest, industrious and deserving as any young man within the circle of our acquaintance. His establishment is located at a convenient point for those of our Cambria county readers who visit Altoona either by railroad or private conveyance, and we can assure all who do so that they will find in our friend Barney an exceedingly clever and obliging gentleman to deal with, provided of course they wish to buy any article in his line. Give him a call and rest assured that you will get full value for your money.

—A married lady at East Conemaugh, as we learn from a brakeman friend who took in the scene as he whirled by on his train on last Saturday, held a very animated interview with a well-known citizen of that place, who is also bound, we believe in the silken bonds of matrimony. The interview was held with a broomstick, and is said to have been occasioned by the gentleman aforesaid calling at the residence of the lady in question and demanding the retraction of certain stories which it was charged she had circulated against him. The belabored individual meantime defended himself as best he could, and it may be even returned blow for blow to some extent, but nevertheless he was forced eventually to give up the contest and beat a hasty retreat. While all this was going on the husband of the irate woman stood quietly looking on, save and except that he seemed to be directing the proceedings, which he did apparently more by gestures than by the word of mouth, and it struck our informant that he was about as much interested in the outcome as the woman whose husband was tusseling with a bear and who expressed herself as not caring a continental which of the combatants won the victory.

A SPECIAL MEETING of Council was held in Council Chamber, Saturday evening 10th inst. Present—Burgess Humphreys, and Councilmen Barker, Evans, Gutwald, Hasson, Jones and Parrish.

Thomas L. Jones moved that Hosea Evans be appointed to attend to and keep in repair the borough windmill, with compensation for the same at the rate of $1.25 per day.

On motion of F. H. Barker, the compensation of the appointees for the ensuing year be as follows: Clerk, per annum, $40.00; Collector, 5 per cent.; Treasurer, 2 per cent.; Street Commissioner, $1.25 per day; Weighmaster, one-half of whole amount charged for weighing.

A petition was presented from citizens of the West Ward asking for a string pavement on East side of Julian street, from Heininger's Hotel, to south side of lot of Thomas Condon. Signed by F. A. Shoemaker, Geo. Huntley, Thomas Condon, Thomas Davis, Joseph Sharbaugh, E. Custer, David Davis, E. W. Humphrey, James A. Myers, A. V. Barker, John D. Thomas, Geo. H. Roberts, E. G. Kerr, W. H. Davis, N. J. Freidhoff, Carl Rivinius, W. W. Blair, D. Evans, C. T. Roberts, Joseph Heininger and Dennis Brawley.

Joseph Gutwald moved that a string pavement 30 inches in width be laid on East side of Julian street, between Lloyd and Triumph streets with hemlock plank 2½ inches thick. Agreed to.

Alvin Evans moved that the stringer pavement on the south side of Crawford street, between Centre and Julian streets, be re-laid with hemlock joists 2½ inches thick and 10 inches wide, the walk to be 30 inches wide. Agreed to.

JOHN S. DAVIS, Clerk.

A CASE of somewhat unusual proportions was tried before Esquire Kinkead on Tuesday afternoon and evening. A young lady, named Miss Ella Wherley, a daughter of Mr. John G. Wherley, of this place, was engaged by the Board of Directors to teach a school in Croyle township last winter. For some reasons, principal amongst which are to be reckoned the fact that Miss Ella is young and of delicate build, and therefore physically incompetent to control a school, she was dismissed by the Board as per the following letter:

Sandy Hill School House Feb 26 1880 We the undersigned School Directors acknowledge that we have dismissed Ellie Wherlie of teaching after this date
[Signed] Joseph Long
Leo Wess
Thomas Plumer
John Robaugh

Miss Ella brought suit for the sum of twenty dollars, which she claimed to be due her for the last month of the session, but which of course she didn't teach because she had been dismissed, and a host of witnesses from Croyle township testified on the one side or the other. Among the number was Prof. H. Berg, the Superintendent of Common Schools, who said that the certificate issued to Ella was above the average, and that there was no known reason why she should not be acceptable to the children and their parents save the one hinted at above. Hon. John Fenlon appeared for the School Directors and George W. Oatman, Esq., for the plaintiff. Esquire Kinkead, after due deliberation, found for the latter.

DOING PENANCE ON FOOT.—The Newport *News* of last week tells of the arrival in that place of an Irishman and Catholic named Thos. F. Kelly, who started in his bare feet the Friday previous to walk from Philadelphia to the monastery at Loretto, in this county. His sins, he said, had been many, and on that account he was "doing penance" in the manner stated. He was not begging his way, either, but claimed to have given to the poor $700 and all this world's goods he owned, even to the shoes he wore, prior to beginning the painful journey. He carried a letter signed by Rev. David A. Brennan, Secretary and Chancellor of the Arch-diocese of Philadelphia, witnessing the character of the bearer. He arrived at Newport Wednesday evening, footsore, but still satisfied that he was in the right, and uncomplaining. His feet were badly swollen, but they were worse, he said, the day before. He was a pleasant-faced, honest looking man, with sincerity written on every lineament of his countenance, and gave his age as 33. He had come from Harrisburg since morning. He was provided with lodging at the Gantt House, where he refused breakfast the next morning, and afterward started on his journey westward. To use his own language, if he "perseveres," he will spend the remainder of his days in the abbey for which he is bound, provided he doesn't sacrifice himself before arriving there.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR MAY opens with several pages of Christian Reid's best novel, "Roslyn's Fortune," which is anxiously expected by all subscribers, and will repay the interest it excites. There are also various sketches in prose and poetry, a feast of literary treasures, and the new serial, "Glenarchan," is continued. This serial, we are informed, is by Mrs. E. B. Benjamin, the gifted author, of "Hilda and I," a novel now exciting much attention in the literary world. "Glenarchan" is one of her best efforts. The steel plate is one of Darley's masterpieces, and there is page after page of attractive fashion matter following the mammoth colored plate. A design for a tidy in Java canvas is given on the "Novelty" page, and the diagram pattern is for a lady's bodice, that can be worn also as a street jacket. Every department is filled with attractive matter, and ladies will pronounce the "May Godey" one of the pleasantest surprises of the pleasant month.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MAY.—Ballou's Monthly Magazine for May is out, with a well-written illustrated article on Siberia, worthy the attention of the reading portion of the public. It recommends that means be taken to open up the trade of that vast country with the Pacific coast. By the way, Ballou's Monthly is just booming at the present time. Five times have the publishers put to press the January, February, April, and May numbers, and still the demand is not satisfied. There is a magnificent piece of music in the May number, worth more than the price of the magazine; and, in addition to this, there is the following brilliant table of contents. "Things Pleasant and Otherwise;" "Our Picture Gallery." Published by Thomas & Talbot, 23 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass., at $1.50 per annum, postpaid, and for sale at all the news depots in this country. Send in your subscription at once to this popular magazine.

GRATEFUL WOMEN.—None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.

WHEN the young and tender schoolgirl isn't thinking,
Isn't thinking,
Of the time when she will be allowed to vote,
'Lowed to vote,
The chances are that she is coyly blinking,
Coyly blinking,
At some young man in a zebra overcoat,
Overcoat.

The likelihood is that the young man who attracted the young lady's attention bought that overcoat at Jas. J. Murphy's, 100 Clinton street, Johnstown. It may be a little too late in the season to talk about overcoats, but if you want to buy a first-class Spring suit, at approved prices, do not fail to give Mr. Murphy an order.

TREASURER'S SALES.—Following is the list of unseated lands and lots sold for non-payment of taxes by the County Treasurer on Monday, June 14th, as we find them advertised in the Johnstown *Democrat* and as they will appear this week in the Carrolltown *News*. Here they are printed, without money and without price, for the information of our readers, and will be followed next week by a full list of the seated lands and lots to be sold at the same time and for a like purpose:

Acres.	Per.	Owners or Warrantees.	Taxes.
		ADAMS TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
440		John Anderson	$53.68
439		John Morrison	53.64
440		Valentine Oster	53.68
180		Martin McDonald	19.52
400		Martin McDonald	48.80
401		Jacob Clement	48.90
259		John Williams (sapp)	31.53
400		Henry Rice	48.80
120		George B. Stineman	18.30
81		Thomas Smith (part)	9.88
369		Ebenezer Brenhous	45.01
400		H. M. Neal	48.80
		BARR TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
40		George Harrison	1.62
100	105	Thomas Duncan	4.05
205	104	James Town	8.20
83		William Brady	1.51
203		William McCoy	8.10
140		E. Shoemaker	11.34
50		Fred. Adams	4.05
14		Owen D. Williams	1.52
	80	Daniel Barr, (part)	15
		BLACKLICK TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
45		Henry Shaffner	4.76
25		Simon Snyder	3.20
33		John McCauley	4.48
100		George Slough	12.80
50		John Ross	6.40
84		William Lyon	10.76
85		John Graff	10.88
40		Flavel Brown	5.12
80		Adam Reighard	10.24
100		Jacob Slough	12.80
300		Jacob Pressinger	38.40
335		Paul Lebo	42.80
137		Daniel Levi	17.54
37		Henry Campbell	4.74
50		Gabriel Boring (Snyder)	6.40
100		Daniel and John Davis	12.80
242		Robert Ferguson	28.24
97		John Davis	12.22
100		George Rex	12.80
434		George Rex	83.20
160		John Lamereaux	15.36
343		Emanuel Brailler	32.00
7	112	William Cameron	90
		CARROLL TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
25	80	John Hoops	3.60
108		James Hoops	31.10
90		Sebastian Luther	28.80
48		John Weber	14.40
19		Jos. Eckenrode, Jr.	1.40
		CAMBRIA TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
16		Andrew Lewis	2.04
80		William Burnhamer	8.56
25		John Boyd	2.67
50		William Linton	5.35
100		Reese J. Lloyd	10.70
174		John Morgan	18.61
106		John J. Evans & Co	17.01
132		R. H. Tudor	14.21
		CHEST TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
300		William Parker	52.20
452	44	Anthony Simons	78.64
452	44	Nathan Loughborough	78.64
321	52	Thomas Ketland	55.85
201	63	Thomas Masters	34.97
147	28	John Ketland	24.99
366	64	Charles Pope	42.46
225	68	George Pole	39.15
332	37	Joseph Pope	48.14
212	44	Samuel Ruth	26.88
169		George Gilson	38.97
111		Henry Seely	17.40
84	57	Samuel Peters	9.74
320		Hugh Hoops	55.50
382	108	John Pope	66.46
92	3	James Hoops	42.22
160		George Hoops	18.43
125		Nathan Foster	21.57
138		Henry Foster	15.88
80		John Olden	18.56
35	48	Peter Bordman	4.05
41		John Drinker	6.98
100		Melchor Runderhill	18.96
72		Jos. Pope (part)	16.69
389		William Gray	45.11
434		Jos. Gray	50.23
100		James Foster and Geo. Gilson	52.20
405	106	James Ruth	70.47
127		William Parker	22.09
136		Henry Philips	39.15
157		Simon Walker	27.13
279		Finney & Barrows, & Co	64.72
400		G. Beckman	46.40
		CLEARFIELD TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
25		John Mitchell	3.80
188		Lewis Wolf	28.56
434		Jonathan Lewis	65.82
130		Celestine McMullen	7.20
144		E. R. Dunegan	11.51
25		Philip Cooper	5.70
169		Calvin & Ranstead	38.02
14		Rily & Sargeant	4.26
100		P. & A. Flynn	22.80
29	50	John Montgomery	3.47
336		James E. McGough	76.61
3		Albert Ivory	70
212		M. Dunegan	12.00
		CONEMAUGH TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
83		James Burk	20.44
301		Richard Smith	33.60
		CROYLE TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
7		P. M. & J. Brown	1.20
84		P. M. & J. Brown	5.89
125		Anthony Varner	15.94
18		John Lovet	2.07
Lots.			
1		George Heater	88
2		Ann McBalen	29
3		C. B. Ellis	29
4		Ann McBalen	29
4		C. B. Ellis	29
		DEAN TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
400		Bell & Blair	64.80
40		John Mease	6.48
334		John Fisher	53.98
433		John Harrison	70.17
200		John Brotherline	64.80
330		John Brotherline	53.19
378		Thomas Patterson	122.46
50		Felix McGuire	7.29
60		L. A. Poffenberger	9.72
168		Morris Wolf	27.21
330		Henry Wolf	53.46
110		Jos. Davis	17.82
400		Henry Davis	64.80
410		Morris Davis	66.42
233		William Barton	37.77
233		Esckiel Farmer	37.77
116		William Tilton	18.79
100		William Brodie	16.20
330		Jesse Bush	53.46
		ELDER TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
122		James Foster and Geo. Gilson	69.54
150		John Hoops	17.10
50		George Hoops (part)	5.70
25		Charles Pope	2.85
50		Henry Foster	5.70
50		Samuel Peters	5.70
125		James Hoops	57.00
200		Andrew Weaver	34.20
		GALLITZIN TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
190		Aaron Bower	43.32
100		Wm. McDougle (part)	22.88
220		Mifflin Hanan	50.26
75		Mary Hanan	14.92
50		Nicholas Bell	11.40
		JACKSON TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
100		John Cunningham	13.80
305	105	Thomas Morris	42.09
194		Robert Morris	26.78
100		John White	13.80
92		Paul Bolty	12.68
300		Mathias Slough	41.40
22		Mathias Young	4.42
46		Thomas White	6.34
208		Isaac Bonser	28.72
184	39	Jasper Ewing	25.43
89		James Rees	12.29
440		Van Camp Bush	60.72
293		John Wigton (part)	40.13
50		David M. Fringle	8.15
50		Wm. H. Sechler	6.90
100		Samuel White	13.80
300		Andrew White	41.40
200		Daniel Black	27.60
300		John Black	41.40
330		Andrew Black	41.40
300		David Black	41.40
150		Samuel Stitt	20.70
30		John Steel	4.14
68		Isaac Bonser	9.28
100		David Stitt	13.80
		PORTAGE TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
3701		Arent Sonman	645.00
200		Frederick Hinton	13.60
200		Samuel Hinton	13.60
439		George Gutwalt	13.60
130		H. & C. Zeller	8.86
16	40	John Hammond	2.25
90		Wm. T. McConnell	6.50
70		A. & F. P. McConnell	5.04
		SUMMERHILL TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
439	80	Jacob Nagle	28.60
439	80	Henry Woods	28.60
439	80	James Dalton	28.60
439	80	James Scaright	28.60
440		Wm. Smith, D. D.	28.60
370	40	Israel Jones	24.05
100		Wilson Hunt	6.50
93		Ebenezer Branham	6.02
		STONYCREEK TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
30		George McLain's estate	4.40
		SUSQUEHANNA TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
37		William Cook	2.37
132		Peter Blight	8.18
145		William Campton	8.92
97		William Campton	6.01
242		James Thompson	25.29
146		S. W. Fisher	9.05
481		Best, Hopkins & Walters	69.65
		TAYLOR TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
30		Henry Sargent	3.84
50		Anthony Prescott	9.60
15		Mary Whitman	2.88
		WASHINGTON TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
81		Thomas Jackson	14.60
100		Philip Collins	17.40
100		Henry Gillen	17.40
400		J. R. McFarlane	34.80
400		Richard Constantine	34.80
252		Simon Roop	20.20
175		Henry L. Patterson	15.08
90		George and Alex. Buchanan	11.02
50		S. H. Lemmon	2.90
		WHITE TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
302		Simon Walker	51.63
65	70	William Lambert	11.12
333		John Martin	57.00
217		John Thompson	37.10
434		Robert Atkins	74.10
120		William Coats	20.52
60		Fred. Deersh	10.26
200	7	Abe Witmer	57.00
98		Jacob Krug	16.75
433		Patrick Boreland	85.50
25		Walter & Dillen	4.27
445		Alex. Brown	76.10
445		Thomas Brown	76.10
290		William Harris	49.59
445		John Harris	76.10
446		James Reed	76.25
250		—— Thompson	57.00
49		C. Ranstead	8.07
36		Patrick Donahoe	5.15
175		Thomas Sanburn	29.75
434	5	Martin Bush	74.10
434	5	Morris Such	74.10
415		Morris Bush	70.96
100		Joseph Boreland	17.10
70		Henry Such	11.97
394		Thomas Canby	67.21
221	10	John Craig	39.57
187		Fred. Molenaux	31.98
100		David Jackson	17.10
100		Henry Kepple	17.10
200		William Barton	34.20
100		Wm. Brodie	17.10
456		Thomas Sanburn	69.54
170	96	Simon Walker	50.18
388		Henry Philips	57.84
250		Calvin & Ranstead	57.00
433		J. M. Troxell & G. L. Glasgow	74.10
109		Wm. M. Lloyd	24.84
487		Wm. M. Lloyd	138.79
50		Mathew Cowen	8.55
118		Langbein & Thomas	26.81
75		John Stabler, Sr.	12.83
70		S. E. Burns	8.56
70		S. E. Burns	8.56
100		W. H. Woods	17.10
		YODER TWP.—1878 AND 1879.	
212		George Moore	18.45
339		Thomas Wilson	29.20
22		Henry Brown	2.08
280		Henry Sutton	15.08
324		Jos. Gates	29.05
60		Gorgas Cohick & Sharp	5.22
400		John Saylor	34.80

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WILMORE, April 13, 1880.

DEAR FREEMAN—In compliance with promise, I send you a few items for your columns:

On Thursday last a little girl, aged ten years, daughter of Mr. Sylvester Crum, of Portage township, was fatally burned by her clothes igniting from a fire in the yard, where her mother was engaged in washing. Mrs. C., it is said, chanced to be in the house at the time the accident happened, but was attracted to the scene by the cries of the little victim, who, instead of hastening to the house, ran in an opposite direction towards a little rivulet, where the terrified mother overtook her and, after a great deal of effort, succeeded in extinguishing the flames by dashing water upon them; but not, however, until the child's clothes had been burned from her back, and the flesh underneath so badly, seared that despite the medical skill of Dr. Blaisdell, who was summoned to attend her, she died Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Crum have the sympathy of the entire community, in their great affliction. They are honest, industrious people, and stand high in the estimation of all who know them. Interment in the United Brethren cemetery, this place, on Monday.

The remains of the boy, McCune, or McKeone, who was killed at South Fork, on Saturday last, were interred in the Catholic cemetery at this place on Monday. His death was a sad one. His parents had but recently located at South Fork, his father being a miner and employed in the coal works there. About noon on the day mentioned the boy's mother sent him on an errand to the "coal-tipple" of a bank operated by Mr. Jacob Stineman, and just as local freight east was shifting cars on the siding he attempted to cross the track under the trucks of the cars, which were then standing still, but were suddenly put in motion before the unfortunate lad had time to get from under them. The result was that he was caught under the wheels and his head severed from his body, to the horror of the train men and all others present, none of whom saw him in time to prevent the accident.

Dr. J. C. Blaisdell, Assistant Surgeon of the Fifth Regiment, P. N. G., informs us that he recently examined eighteen new recruits for company H in Johnstown, the new headquarters of the company, and report their physical qualifications satisfactory, and their "personnel" splendid, many of the new volunteers having already been members of city companies, clerks for the Cambria Iron Company, and business men generally. M.

AN ÆROLITE ON THE RAMPAGE.—Our dental (not accidental) friend Dr. Creery had the pleasure of witnessing a rare sight the other night, which he thus describes for the edification of our readers:

On Thursday night last, between 10 and 11 o'clock, we—that is, myself and one of my daughters—discovered a light near Lloyd's grove, apparently moving in the direction of Mr. Barker's farm house, on the hill south of town. It appeared very bright at first, but was presently hidden from view by intervening buildings. We next saw it near the stone pike, which it seemed to follow, or at least went in the same direction, until it reached a point near the residence of Mr. Rees S. Lloyd, when it became still brighter, and suddenly rising to the height of two or three hundred feet above the horizon, shot off in the direction of Beulah. This course it continued for about eight minutes, when it again sank behind the timber, even the small branches of the trees being plainly visible as it made its descent in the rear of them. For a few minutes preceding its final disappearance we had the pleasure of viewing it through a field glass. While at its brightest we could compare its appearance to nothing less brilliant than the headlight of a locomotive. Several meteors were afterwards seen by us going in the same direction as that taken by the "what was it?" when it made its final exit.

For Grown PERSONS or the Youngest CHILDREN, use the old and safe

Dr. Fitler's Soothing Carminative.

It can be given with perfect safety to your baby if only two or three days old. It does not stupefy, but the little thing will go to sleep naturally, and get awake laughing. It cures DIARRHŒA and DYSENTERY, no matter how long standing, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, SUMMER COMPLAINT, WIND COLIC, fretting and crying of infants (which is always a sign of pain), GREEN STOOL, SOUR VOMITING, SLEEPLESSNESS, and all complaints of the stomach or BOWELS.

Price, 25 cts. a bottle—*a safe and certain cure*. It is the oldest remedy in use, and is recommended by PHYSICIANS. Sold by DRUGGISTS and STOREKEEPERS.

TRY SIMPSON'S LICORICE WORM LOZENGES. They are pleasant, safe and sure. 25 cts. Depot, 409 N. Third St., Philad'a, Pa. Lozenges for sale by N. J. FREIDHOFF and V. S. BARKER & BRO., Ebensburg. [1-23.-11m.]

AS SPRING comes on apace,
The birds join in the lay,
While all the other living race
Swell the anthems of the day;
How beautiful the months of Spring
With the balmy breeze that swells,
All nature in its beauty sings,
To the fragrant summer bells.

And, as Spring comes on apace, cometh also a desire to rig ourself out in raiment suitable to the season. You want to know where to go and buy a new suit? Our advice is to patronize Godfrey Wolff, next door to the postoffice, Altoona. He has a large stock of Rochester clothing, newly made; it is of superior texture, with each garment warranted, and when you buy from him you will not only be supplied with the very best wearing apparel, but will be accorded the very lowest prices. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

A FAIR young bride and her husband new,
Taking their bridal trip—
She with a smile on her face, and he
With a shadow of down on his lip.
They sit at the banquet board and laugh,
Each striving the other to please;
She, blushing, as from her fall the words:
"Old fellow, pass the cheese."

He ought to try to please her by going to Simon & Bendheim's, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, and buying one of the stylish suits of ready-made clothing exposed for sale there. This stock is fresh from the tailor, cut after approved fashions, and cannot fail to approve itself to the favorable consideration of all who see it. Then the bride wouldn't say "Pass the cheese!" but if anybody threw a slur on the nature of her husband's apparel, she would naturally ejaculate, "Cheese it!"

THE monkey climbed towards the raging sky
And twisted his tail 'round a lofty limb,
While the flood beneath went thundering by,
For he was a monkey that couldn't swim.
But the man was caught in the torrents mad,
And his dying speech in these words ran:
"If I had a tail, as my forefathers had,
I'd be a live monkey and not a drowned man."

The principle involved in the theory of evolution is of too abstruse a character to be dwelt on just here at any length. But if anybody wants to know where to go to buy boots and shoes, our answer is ready: Go to S. Blumenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, who sells the very best article at the very lowest prices. His new stock, just shelved, cannot fail to give satisfaction to men and women, boys and girls, as well as children of yet tender growth.

HYMENEAL.

BOLENTINE—WEHN.—Married, in Franklin borough, on Wednesday, March 31, 1880, by Rev. Jacob Smith, Rev. M. J. BOLENTINE, of the Evangelical Association, and Miss EMMA WEHN, of Jackson township.

PRETHERO—SEYMOUR.—Married, at the Catholic church, Gallitzin, on Sunday, April 12, 1880, by Rev. Father Ryan, Mr. FREDERICK PRETHERO and Miss JENNIE SEYMOUR, both of "The Patch," Blair county.

ROECHM—M'KENNA.—Married, in Wilmore, on Tuesday, April 6, 1880, by Rev. Father M'Hugh, Mr. CHARLES ROECHM and Miss MARY M'KENNA, both of that vicinity. We cannot M'Kenna Roechm for the usual congratulations, but nevertheless wish the happy couple all the joys and a few of the responsibilities which pertain to wedded life.

OBITUARY.

ROSS.—Died, at his residence in Blacklick township, on Sunday, April 11, 1880, after a protracted illness, Mr. JOHN B. ROSS, aged about 73 years.

Mr. R. was born in Allegheny county and came to this vicinity not less, we think, than thirty years ago. He was a very useful citizen to his township, having filled several of its offices, the duties of which he discharged in an intelligent and satisfactory manner. Some years ago he acted as mercantile appraiser of the county. He enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew him, and in his death Blacklick township loses one of her most active and industrious citizens.

M'GOUGH.—Died, in Portage township, on Friday, April 9, 1880, of consumption, Mr. PETER A. M'GOUGH, aged 21 years and 6 months.

The young man whose death is recorded above was a son of Mr. John M'Gough, deceased, and was employed for a considerable time as night operator in the telegraph tower at Sonman, which position he was recently obliged to resign, however, on account of ill health. He was greatly beloved by all his relatives, friends and associates, and was well worthy of the respect and esteem which was so universally accorded him, having been in every respect a model young man. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore on Sunday. May his soul rest in peace.

SCHWADERER.—Died, at Summit, on Thursday, April 1st, 1880, after an illness of only a few hours, CATHARINE, the beloved wife of George J. Schwaderer, aged about 45 years.

The sudden and unexpected death of this truly Christian lady has cast a gloom over the entire community in which she lived. Mrs. Schwaderer was a woman among women—a woman seldom seen outside of her own household. Her whole life was devoted to the interests and welfare of her family and the good of her neighbors, when charity called her; and not only to her neighbors was her charity extended, but even to the wandering tramp was her kindness frequently manifested. None but the Recording Angel can tell the number of nights her doors were thrown open and her fires kept up to give shelter and warmth to the homeless outcast. In these deeds of charity she knew neither race, creed nor color, it being sufficient for her to understand that a fellow mortal needed assistance. Charity, we are told, is the mother of virtues, and if this be true certainly our deceased friend has received a favorable judgment. She leaves a kind husband and nine loving children to mourn her early death, and if sympathy could be any comfort to them, then indeed would the entire community hasten to their relief.

But they need not sadly grieve,
Like those who have no hope:
Wife and Mother they shall again receive
When Earth her dead gives up. M.

"DON'T YOU DO IT!"

Don't part with your money until you know the truth. Interested parties are spreading the reports that MR. JOHN WANAMAKER is not interested in the old and famous OAK HALL Clothing business and does not personally direct its affairs.

Nothing could be more Untrue!

Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER has precisely the same relations to Oak Hall as in the past.

WANAMAKER & BROWN is what it has been ever since Mr. Brown died, 12 years ago.

Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER personally watches over the faithful preparation of the stock of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, and the conducting of the store. Nothing is allowed to pass his eye that is not straightforward and true to the interest of those who have patronized the house for 19 years and depend on its reliability.

From all appearances the year 1880 is to be the largest in sales ever known.

The READYMADE Department is Better Stocked!
The BOYS' Department is Better Stocked!!
The CUSTOM Department is Better Stocked!!!
The SHIRT Department is Better Stocked!!!!

All this will be apparent on FIRST SIGHT! Please call whenever you can and look through this BEEHIVE of a Building, so busy with its Hundreds of Workpeople and Customers. Do not forget that Clothing of the W. & B. make will stand better service than any other that can be got and that it does not cost any more (if as much) as other makes.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS,

THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

PHILADELPHIA.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED A

NEW MILLINERY

And Fancy Goods Store

AT 281 MAIN ST., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

And respectfully invite the Ladies of Cambria and adjoining counties to give us a call, as we intend at all times to keep a full line of

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS,

Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Ribbons,

BLACK CRAPES, SILKS, Silk Velvets, Ornaments,

All kinds of Hair Goods, &c., &c.,

Of the LATEST DESIGNS and BEST TEXTURES, which we will sell at prices that cannot fail to benefit all who favor us with their custom. Also,

Rustic and Polished FRAMES of all sizes.

New Goods of the latest styles and at popular prices will be received every day, and a first-class Milliner and Saleslady will be in constant attendance to wait on customers. A cordial invitation is extended to all the ladies of the land.

CORN & CO.'S BRANCH STORE,
No. 281 Main Street, Johnstown.

April 16, 1880.-4t.

B. J. LYNCH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

HOME AND CITY MADE

FURNITURE!

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

MATTRESSES, &c.,

1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,

Between 16th and 17th Sts.,

Altoona Penn'a.

Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give me a call before buying elsewhere, as I am confident that I can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. B. J. LYNCH.

Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—In the matter of the second and final account of Thomas Eger, Assignee of Joseph Gauntner.

And now, 8th March, 1880, Chal. L. Dick appointed Auditor to distribute. By the Court.

I will sit for the purpose of above appointment, at the office of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., in the borough of Ebensburg, on *Monday, May 10th, 1880*, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

CHAL. L. DICK, Auditor.

April 9, 1880.-3t.

NOTICE.—In the matter of the appointment of Joseph McDonald, Auditor to report distribution of the balance as shown by the account of F. A. Shoemaker, Assignee of D. Brookbank. The appointment continued, the Auditor to report at next Term. By the Court, March 8, 1880.

The Auditor above named will sit for the purpose of his appointment, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 6th day of May next*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.

Ebensburg, April 16, 1880.-3t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of DANIEL O'HARA, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Daniel O'Hara, late of Munster township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township. All persons indebted to said estate will please make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

SUSAN O'HARA, Executrix,
MICHAEL O'HARA, Executor.

Munster Twp., April 16, 1880.-6t.

TREMENDOUS SALE OF

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK,

A Tramp Abroad.

Issued 5th of March. 40th thousand now in press. The country taken by storm. The furore still increasing. Everybody wants it. Agents can get unoccupied territory by addressing F. C. BLISS & CO., Newark, N. J.

EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR Traveling. State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co. 306 George St. Cincinnati, O.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [12-5,'79.-1y.*]

$125 OUTFIT free to Agents, and all expenses paid. Address H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to Ag'ts. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

PAMPHLET for advertisers. 100 pages. 10c. G. P. ROWELL & CO. N. Y.

IN FULL BLAST.

The EBENSBURG WOOLEN MILL.

Country Work of all kind Solicited.

THE undersigned desire to invite the attention of the public to the fact that they have purchased the Ebensburg Woolen Mill, which they are now and will continue to run to its full capacity. All kinds of work, such as dyeing, spinning, carding, and the manufacture of blankets, flannels, cassimeres, yarns, etc., attended to promptly and at moderate prices.

Having had an experience of thirty years in the business, the senior member of the firm flatters himself that entire satisfaction will be rendered to all who favor them with their patronage.

Goods of our manufacture, warranted to be the very best, will be exchanged for wool and fair compensation allowed.

JOHN LUDWIG & SONS.

Ebensburg, April 9, 1880.-4t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Peter German, for use of Hopkins & Irvin, *vs.* John Hipps and U. Lloyd. No. 18, March Term, 1880. Vend. Ex.

And now, April 6th, 1880, on motion of Alvin Evans, Esq., A. V. Barker appointed Auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff realized from the sale of the defendant's real estate.

From the Record. Certified 7th April, 1880.
[L. S.] C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, Pa., on *Tuesday, May 4th, 1880*, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when and where all parties interested are required to present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

A. V. BARKER, Auditor.

Ebensburg, April 14, 1880.-3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of HUGH McCORMICK, dec'd.

Letters testamentary upon the estate of Hugh McCormick, late of Gallitzin township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present the same properly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES BOLAND, Executor.

April 9, 1880.-6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of MICHAEL BRAWLEY, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Michael Brawley, late of Portage township, having been issued to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all parties indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, while those having claims against the same are requested to present them, duly probated for settlement.

JOHN BRAWLEY,
THOMAS J. BRAWLEY, } Executors.

Portage Twp., April 2, 1880.-6t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.
Estate of EMANUEL DISHART, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Emanuel Dishart, late of Carroll township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement.

APOLLONIA DISHART,
ANDREW H. DISHART, } Adm'rs.

Carroll Twp., April 2, 1880.-6t.

CARD.—The undersigned offers himself as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the coming Democratic county convention, and, if nominated and elected, pledges himself to perform the duties of the position honestly and to the best of his ability.

C. A. LANGBEIN.

St. Lawrence, March 26, 1880.-te.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.—The undersigned offers himself as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of Cambria county, subject to Democratic rules, and if nominated and elected feels competent to discharge the duties of the position intelligently and satisfactorily.

H. A. SHOEMAKER.

Ebensburg, March 26, 1880.-t.e.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Legislature, subject to the rules of the Democratic county convention. T. S. FLEMING.

Gallitzin, March 19, 1880.-t.e.*

PIANOS Stool, Cover and Book, $210 to $1,800. ORGANS, 13 Stops, 3 set Reeds, 2 Knee Swells, Stool, Book, only $98. Illustrated Catalogue Free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

THE HITTITES.

One of the most interesting parts of Chief Justice Daly's annual review of recent progress in geographical exploration, before the Geographical Society, March 23, was that touching the important discovery of the seat of empire of the ancient Hittites. Judge Daly said:

The readers of the Bible will remember the frequent mention that is made of the Hittites, a people occupying Canaan, who are described in the biblical narrative as being commercial and military, and in whose country Abraham bought a piece of land for his burial place. The scattered accounts in the Bible simply indicate an ordinary tribe of people, with whom the Israelites had intercourse, but information derived from the researches made in Egypt and Assyria show that the Hittites, whom the Egyptians called the Kheta and the Assyrians the Khatti, were a powerful confederacy occupying the country which was the highway between Babylonia or Assyria and Egypt—a people actively engaged in commerce, their principal city being a place to which merchants from all parts congregated, and who were at the same time a warlike people, who for a long period kept the Assyrians in check, and who proved the most formidable antagonist the Egyptians ever encountered. They were not only commercial and warlike, but had evidently at a remote period made great advance in civilization and in the fine arts and early Greek art, as found in the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ; and the early art found in Cyprus by our associate, Mr. Di Cesnola, is supposed to have been largely derived from them.

They occupied the whole country of Southern Syria, from the Mediterranean to the desert, dwelling chiefly in the fertile valleys of the Orontes, a river rising to the east of Baalbec and flowing into the Mediterranean, and had two principal cities—Kadesh, or the Holy City, and a great commercial emporium, which was their capital and the centre of their power, called Carchemish. They were finally overthrown by the Assyrians, B. C. 718; and had so completely disappeared that they are scarcely ever referred to by Greek writers. Great interest was felt to discover the site of their commercial capital, Carchemish, and many conjectures have been made, none of which, however, could be verified. A few years ago Mr. Skene, the British Consul at Aleppo, discovered a huge mound of earth covering a large area on the western shore of the lower Euphrates, near a ford of that river on the route still traversed by caravans.—This great mound was surrounded by ruined walls and broken towers, while the mound itself was but a mass of earth, fragments of masonry, and *debris*. It had frequently been seen by previous travelers, but they identified it with other lost places. Mr. Skene called the attention of the late George Smith, the eminent archæologist who brought so much to light from the ruins of Nineveh, to this mound, and Mr. Smith found here the long-lost capital of the Hittites. The present British Consul, Mr. Henderson, has been during the last two years engaged in the exploration of the mound, and has already sent important remains with inscriptions to the British Museum. A few years ago a stone which had formed part of the wall of a house at Hamath had an inscription upon it which excited great curiosity, because it was neither Assyrian nor Egyptian, but something between both languages. It may be remembered that I called attention in one of my former addresses to the discovery of this stone and one or two others containing like characters, which were then called the Hamath inscriptions, with the suggestion that this might probably be the language of the Hittites, which is now proved to be the fact. The inscriptions found by Mr. Henderson in the exploration of Carchemish are not only of the same character, but the same language which Mr. Layard found impressed upon seals discovered by him in the ruins of the record chamber of Sennacherib's palace, and which greatly excited his curiosity, as the writing was unlike any ever noticed before. Another inscription was afterward discovered at Aleppo, by Mr. Davis, a missionary; and it also turns out that the famous figures sculptured above the roads from Ephesus to Phocæa, and from Smyrna to Sardis, which are mentioned by Herodotus, and were supposed by him to represent the Egyptian King Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, had inscriptions in the same character as that recently found in Carchemish, showing that these figures also are Hittite monuments. It is supposed that this language was the source of what is known as the Cypriote syllabary, found in Cyprus, and which was probably the language in use among commercial people throughout Asia Minor until it was superseded by the simpler and more practical Phoenician alphabet. This discovery is exceedingly interesting, as the Hittites belong to the same race of people who perfected, by the invention of the alphabet, that greatest of human inventions, a written language. We have now, in this discovery of Mr. Smith, the memorials of a lost people, in neighboring proximity to the Phoenicians, of whom also we know so little—a people who had an important part in the early progress of ancient civilization, with respect to which an eminent Egyptian scholar expresses his conviction that future discoveries in the course of this exploration will afford convincing proofs that this civilization, which was of the highest antiquity, was of an importance which we can only guess at.

A writer in the London *Times* has said, in respect to these discoveries, that they have opened up to us an extinct civilization that existed before Rome or Athens was founded, of which nearly every trace and memorial had been lost until these discoveries were made a few years ago; that they have opened a new and earlier page in the history of mankind—in that of religion, science, and of the arts—by the discovery of the remains of this library, which Abraham may have consulted in what was the land of his nativity.

HOW TO MAKE MOSS BASKETS.—Very beautiful baskets for holding flowers can be made of the longer and more feathery kinds of mosses. We have made them often, and never do either garden or wild flowers look more lovely than when clustered upon a verdant border of that most delicate and beautiful material, which by proper management may be made to preserve its freshness and brilliancy for many months. We will here give directions for their manufacture. A light frame, of any shape you like, should be made with wire and covered with common pasteboard or calico, and the moss, which should first be well picked over and cleansed from any bits of dirt or dead leaves which may be hanging about it, gathered into little tufts and sewed with a coarse needle and thread to the covering, so as to clothe it thickly with a close and compact coating, taking care that the points of the moss are all outward. A long handle, made in the same manner, should be attached to the basket, and a tin or other vessel, filled with either wet sand or water, placed within, to hold the flowers. By dipping the whole structure into water once, in three or four days, its verdure and elasticity will be fully preserved, and a block of wood, about an inch thick, and stained black or green, if placed under the basket, will prevent all risk of damage to the table by moisture. To make such baskets affords much pleasant, social amusement for children, who will find a constantly renewed pleasure in varying their appearance.—*Floral Cabinet.*

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And having filled it to repletion with new and seasonable goods, I have no hesitation in saying to my friends in Cambria county and elsewhere that when they visit Altoona it will be worth their while to give me a call, whether they wish to purchase or not, as I and my efficient salesmen will not only take pleasure in showing them around our handsome new store room and quoting the prices of our elegant stock of goods, but will also be gratified to furnish anything in our line at the lowest possible figures.

☞ Thanking my many friends for their liberal patronage in the past, and hoping by honest and liberal dealing to merit a continuance of the same in the future, I remain,

Respectfully, &c.,

CHARLES SIMON,

ALTOONA, PA.

[3-19,'80.-tf.]

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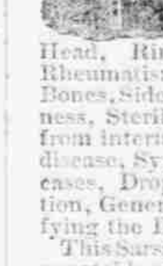
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For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and uterine disease, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

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Quickly gives **Rest and Sleep** to the suffering, cures **Headache and Neuralgia**, prevents **Epileptic Fits**, and relieves **Nervous Prostration** brought on by excessive drink, overwork, mental shocks, and other causes.

Powerful as it is to stop pain and soothe disturbed Nerves, it never injures the system, whether taken in small or large doses.

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Are an immediate and active stimulus for a Torpid Liver, and cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhœa, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and should be used whenever the bowels do not operate freely and regularly.

No other Pills require such small doses for thorough work. Price 25 cts. a box.

Warner's Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

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Inducements to Forest-Planting.

If new inducements are needed for forest-tree planting, surely the increasing demand in all our large cities for Christmas-trees ought to lead to the setting out of evergreen trees, in which the thinnings would surely pay for interest on cost of the whole plantation. In the case of oaks and deciduous trees we pointed out that the demand for hoop-poles, and other matters in which the thinnings would every year come in, would certainly make such plantations pay, and what with Christmas-trees, bean-poles and similar requirements the evergreen plantation can be made to pay quite as well. Anyone within hauling distance of a railroad, and within one to two hundred miles of these great cities, so that the trees could be loaded on to open platform cars, would thus make the thinnings of his plantation a profitable investment. Not less than 200,000 of these tress have been sold in Philadelphia this year at from one to five dollars each, and the trees evidently ranging from six to ten years old. The most popular are our native black spruce, and the pitch or yellow pine. But if plantations are to be especially made for timber, species could be collected that would be more valuable for timber purposes, and which perhaps would grow faster and be just as good in their young state for timber trees.—Of these there is the white pine, the value of which timber everyone knows, and probably the Austrian pine, though we have no information as to the quantity of the timber yielded by this tree in our country. The Norway spruce is a rapid grower, and in its native country extremely popular—indeed, is the leading pine tree of Europe. These trees may be set out about four thousand to the acre, and in five years every other one cut out would furnish trees that would retail for Christmas uses at $1 or $1.50 each, and would no doubt net the raiser twenty-five or fifty cents each, or $500 to $1,000—say $50 or $100 per annum—quite as much as ordinary farm-crops, with the same expenditure of labor on the same class of land. It would not, of course, pay to go into such enterprises on the dearer land near the cities. We are speaking of the cheaper lands near railroads, at some distance away, and speaking in the interests of timber culture.

It has been over and over argued that individuals cannot be expected to plant timber, as it takes half a life time before it comes into profit, and therefore as timber is a necessity, governments should take it into hand; but it is evident the more the subject is studied, that there are innumerable ways in which a timber plantation, intelligently conducted, may be made to pay its way as we go along.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

CARE OF THE FEET.—There are no parts of the human body that need more assiduous attention than the feet. If the eyes, ears, lungs, or other more delicate organs become deranged, they give warning by ailment. It is otherwise with the feet. They may be neglected or even abused without any bad consequences being immediately felt; they will to a certainty be eventually felt, and felt very sorely too. An excessive flow of blood to the head, extreme liability to cold, disordered digestion and other numerous evils are the results of inattention to the feet. The feet should be regularly washed and wiped every day. Stockings should not be put on while there is the slightest moisture on the feet. The stockings absorb the moisture, and gradually return it to the feet, thereby causing them to feel cold and uncomfortable, and what is worse, when the feet are cold circulation is interfered with, and the whole system, especially the brain, is thrown into an abnormal state. Keep the feet clean and warm, the head cool, and the bowels open, and then it makes little difference to you whether the physicians are skillful or not. If you wish to preserve your whole system in good working order, be sure and attend to your feet. Let all our readers profit by these remarks, and they will soon feel by experience that we are not aggravating the consequences of proper attention to the feet.

A MOUNTAIN OF GLASS.—Another marvel recently brought to light in the Yellowstone park of North America is nothing less than a mountain of obsidian, or volcanic glass. Near the foot of the Beaver Lake, a band of explorers came upon this remarkable mountain, which rises at that place in columnar cliffs and rounded bosses to many hundreds of feet in altitude from hissing hot springs at the margin of the lake. As it was desirable to pass that way, the party had to cut the road through the steep glass barricade. This they effected by making huge fires on the glass to thoroughly heat and expand it, and then dashing the cold water of the lake against the glassy surface, so as to suddenly cool and break it up by shrinkage. Large fragments were in this way detached from the solid sides of the mountain, and broken up by sledge hammers and picks, not, however, without severe lacerations of the hands and faces of the men from flying splinters. In the grand canyon of the Gibson River the explorers also found precipices of yellow, black and banded obsidian, hundreds of feet high. The natural glass of these localities has from time immemorial been dressed by the Indians to tip their spears and arrows.

WHAT HOUSEKEEPERS SHOULD REMEMBER.—It is a matter of much importance to housekeepers and servants to remember that all articles for household purposes which impart an odor peculiar to themselves, whether disagreeable or pleasant, should be placed in such apartments where their odors will not effect other articles. For instance: We were recently informed of how a dealer in flour and feed, being unable to store his stock in his rooms, obtained permission to place a quantity of his corn meal in a friend's store-room where apples were also stored. The result was the corn meal absorbed the odor of the apples, and customers purchasing the meal returned it saying it tasted of apples. That meal was sold as common feed at great loss to the dealer. Another instance is told where a half gallon coal oil can leaked a little in the vicinity of a flour barrel. Both stood on a wooden floor. The flour in the barrel became tainted and could not be used in baking of any kind. The liquid oil had not touched the barrel, but the oder had prevaded its entire contents. So oil will effect other articles used in preparing food. These are only a few examples, and housekeepers will do well to regard these facts.

A MARVELLOUS TOY.—The London *Mafair* revives the description of the little carriage made for the juvenile Louis XIV., of France, as follows: A small chariot was drawn by two horses. Inside the chariot was a lady proceeding to court. She was attended by her coachman, footman, and page. When the toy was placed upon the table, the coachman smacked his whip, the horses started off in a trot—the motion of the legs imitated to the life—and the equipage journeyed to the end of the table, where it turned at right angles, and came down to that part of the table at which the prince was seated. Here it stopped. The page alighted to open the door, the lady stepped out, holding in her hand a petition, which she presented to the prince with a courtly bow. After which the lady entered her carriage, the page closed the door, mounted to his place, the coachman flourished his whip, and the coachman, after running a few steps, jumped on to the vehicle.

DO HENS LOVE?

In my father's poultry yard says a writer in a recent issue of *Chambers' Journal*, was a gamecock, the most beautiful bird of the kind I ever saw. He had several wives, and it was curious thing to see the different airs and graces of his train. He was an inveterate fighter, if he could escape from the yard, which was surrounded by a high wall. By some means, an accident happened to his foot, and he became lame. My brother, who was a medical student, advised us to poultice it. Mamma undertaking this, Ralph came every morning to have his foot dressed, and though evidently suffering very much allowed her to attend to it. But no improvement came and the poor bird began to droop. One day we heard a loud noise; a famous gamecock had come into the yard when the gate was left open, attacked Ralph, and had beaten him severely. He was sorely injured, though he had defended himself well. Mamma picked him up and carried him away, but next morning he was out in the yard, warming himself in the sun. I was glad I was there to see what I then saw, or I could not have believed it. Ralph had been beaten! He was no longer to be honored by his faithless wives. They came first one by one, and then altogether, looking with all contempt they could display. One and another pecked at him, and at last the prettiest, and his favorite, went straight up to him and gave him a severe dab near the eye. But there was one faithful friend among them, an awkward, bustling brown hen with no pretensions to beauty, who flew to his rescue, stood resolutely before the prostrate bird—for he had sunk to the ground as if heartbroken—and sheltered him with her wings. It was useless to leave him in the poultry-yard, so he and his faithful brown hen were placed in the garden, the tool-house being left open for them during the night. Some weeks passed, and Ralph grew weaker, till one morning we found him dead. A grave was dug, and his faithful wife saw him placed in it. She was then taken back to the yard; but she never rallied; and, a few days after, we saw her lying cold and lifeless on the spot where the friend of her generous heart lay buried.

THE EFFECT OF COLD.

A striking commentary, says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, on the effect of cold upon natives of the tropics is to be found in "My Chief and I." Colonel Durnford, colonial engineer, was on the Drakenberg with a party of Basutos, and a number of prisoners of the Putini tribe, who were employed in stopping the passes into Natal. A snow storm with a bitter wind came on, and at once they collapsed. The Putini men felt it most. Nothing could induce them to stir. They lit no fires, cooked no food. It was impossible to do anything with them even for their own comfort. At last, finding that even when the order was given to march down into the warm valley they did not move, the colonel had the tents pulled down over their heads. Still they lay helpless, crying; "Let us die. 'Nkos; only let us die." The white men of the party were ordered to force them out, and they were found perfectly paralyzed. There was no sham about it; "their brown skins were white with cold." It was with the greatest difficulty they were got down the mountain to the valley, where there were plenty of old bushman's caves for them to shelter in.

Natives of the Hindustan plains are even less able to endure sudden cold than Africans are. The present writer has known cases of coolies, the honestest and most faithful messengers in the world, actually dying in the Ghauts thro' being caught in a piercing wind such as they, Madrasses born and bred in the low lands, had never before experienced. While, therefore, hasty reasoners were hard in the El Dorado lascars, better informed people felt that the real fault lay with those who put the poor fellows into a position for which they were by nature wholly unfitted. Let any one who has a garden try to gather a few turnips or cabbage leaves when they are covered with snow, and he will be able to form some notion of what it must be for those who were nurtured in a latitude of fifteen degrees to be for hours handling frozen ropes.

A CORN EXPERIMENT.—When I was a boy on my father's farm, I once undertook a little experiment on my own account, and carried it through secretly for the purpose of enjoying the surprise it might create. With this view, as soon as father got through planting his corn, I selected and marked off, unknown to him, a small space near the centre of the field. To each stalk of the corn planted in this space I gave special attention, for the purpose of finding out how much each grain planted could be made to produce by giving it extra manure and extra hoeing. When the corn was gathered, the difference between my pet stalks and the rest of the field attracted my father's attention, and I remember how puzzled he was in trying to account for it. When, at length, I disclosed the secret, he inquired how much extra work and manure I had applied. Tell *me* this *exactly*, he said, and I can tell the value of the experiment. I told him I had simply doubled what he had given to the rest of the field. After examining the result and comparing it with the rest of the field, he found that his yield was forty-four bushels to the acre, and mine at the rate of sixty-five bushels. Now, said he, if extra culture and extra manure are good for single stalks, it must be good for the whole crop. So the next year he adopted my plan for the whole crop, and found that the gain was even larger by several bushels than in my experiment; and he also found that the cost of each bushel was reduced about six cents. This little experiment of my early life has been since confirmed by large experience as well as by observation, and I am led to believe that there is, not only in corn, but in most of our crops, a greater power of development under experiment than we are at present aware of.

EXTRAORDINARY ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES.—The discovery is reported of a temple in the solid rock in Monroe county, Missouri. The main hall is of immense size, and has a vaulted roof supported by slender columns of Egyptian granite. The walls are covered with slabs of black and grey granite, and at the end was found what was described as an altar. On the altar was a heap of ashes. In a smaller apartment was found a number of bronze tools and a bronze plate with an inscription in the Hebrew character.

But in Ohio a still more remarkable discovery has been made. In the depths of a cave has been found a series of magnificent tombs—these, too, of Egyptain granite. On one is the figure of a man with a distinctly Jewish nose, while the sides are covered with bas reliefs. The tombs are described as full of mummies nine feet long. Copper weapons, vases, and an immense quantity of memorial tablets covered with Hebrew characters were also found. The age of the stalactites formed in the cave is said to prove that the tombs have been undisturbed for several thousand years. Both temple and tombs are said to be the work of early Jewish immigrants, while the use of Egyptian granite and the process of embalming is supposed to indicate that they came from Egypt. But it is right to add that the accuracy of the reports is doubted both as regards the character of the inscriptions and the phosiognomy of the mummies. For the present, however, they may be commended to the Anglo-Israelite Association.

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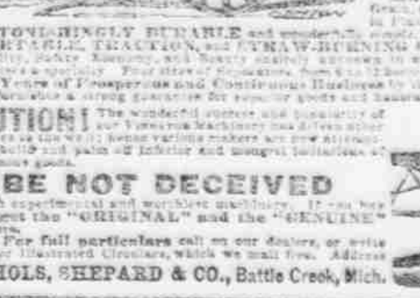
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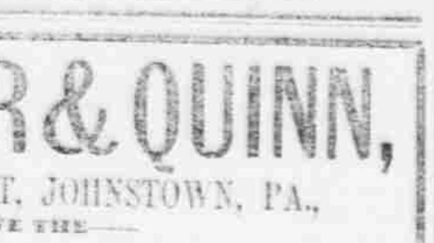
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MUSICAL TASTE IN ANIMALS.

A remarkable instance of a toad's enjoyment of music came under my [illegible] some years since. I was on a visit with my husband and one of my daughters to my father, who lived in the [illegible] England. He had a very pretty garden and lawn; and it was his delight [illegible] at his drawing-room window [illegible] played on the piano and sang to [illegible]. One evening he said to me: "[illegible], here is a toad under the window [illegible] has been here this long time [illegible] moving. I believe it is listening [illegible] singing."

When I ceased playing the toad slowly crept away; but every evening [illegible] I sang, the creature came, took [illegible] place under the window, and there remained. One evening at my father's request I suddenly stopped the [illegible] and in a few minutes it went away. We watched it until it reached the [illegible] when commencing another song it stopped, listened and then slowly returned under the window. When I left [illegible] went home there was no more [illegible]. The toad was never again seen.

Some years previous to my marriage my father lived in an old hall in the neighborhood of one of our large towns. The grounds were extensive. It was his delight to have a sort of [illegible] which gave me many opportunities of studying the different characters of various animals upon it. The [illegible] the influence of music upon many of them. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all; and like many others, he had an unconquerable dislike to be caught. My father had trained him to obedience that he gave very little trouble; a whistle and a wave of the hand, and Robert would come quietly to be saddled. But if left to old gardener Willy, he would lead him a chase, generally ending in defeat. One very hot summer day I was sitting at work in the garden, when Willy appeared streaming with perspiration.

"What is the matter, Willy?"

"Matter enough, Miss. There's Robert, the uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say. I've given him corn, and one of the best pears off the tree; but he's too deep for me—snatched the pear, kicked up his heels, and off he is, laughing at me at the bottom of the meadow."

I was very sorry for the old man, but I did not clearly see how to catch the delinquent. I could well believe he was laughing at our old friend, for he was a curious animal.

"Well, Willy, what can I do? He won't let me catch him, you know."

"Ay, but, Miss, if you will only go in and begin a toon on the pianner, cook says he will come up to the fence and harken to you, for he's always doing that, and maybe I can slip behind and cotch him."

I went in at once, not expecting the stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played "Scots wha' ha'e wi' Wallace bled." The halter was soon found his neck, and he went away to be harnessed quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive air. I soon observed this. If I played "Scots wha' ha'e," he would listen well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, for instance in the "Land o' the Leal," he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say: "That is not my sort of music." Changing to something martial, he would return and listen to me.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. Old Willy used to say: "She is the most contrariest beast under the sun." If she were in one of her ill-humors, it was with the greatest difficulty she could be milked. She never would go with the other cows at milking-time—Nancy be milked with the rest—that was a thing not to be thought of. She liked the cook; and when not too busy the cook would manage Miss Nancy. But if she were not very careful up would go Nancy's foot, and over would go the milk-can and its precious contents. When the cook milked her she was always close to the fence, near the drawing-room. If I were playing she would stand perfectly still, yield her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music—"The Land o' the Leal," "Home, Sweet Home," "Robert Adair,"—any sweet tender air—she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away.

I could give many instances of a love for music in animals. I will give one other. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening, singing to [illegible]. It was a double room, with folding doors. She was in one where there was a light. In my room, which was unlighted, the window was open, and close to the window was a stand for music. When I ceased playing I heard a peculiar sound, and was conscious there was something in the room. I called for a light. There, sitting on the stand, was a large white owl. He looked far less surprised than we did. After this we did not leave the lower sash of the window open; but the owl still came, and sat upon the sill outside, listening.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE SPARROW PIE QUESTION.—Since the introduction of the [illegible] English sparrows into the United States the birds have multiplied wonderfully and have been voted a nuisance in some localities on account of their destructive propensities. What to do with the plump little rogues is just now bothering the heads of some people who like the birds for their social disposition and domestic ways, but who do not like their habits of attacking fruit, etc., and destroying more than they consume.

A writer in a sporting journal who has given the subject considerable thought says: "The sparrow is as good, if not superior, to any game bird that graces our tables in delicacy and sweetness of flesh. It is positively asserted that, if properly prepared, it is a dish fit to set before a king, queen, or any other American citizen. They are plump and fat, and the meat tender and juicy. They are very little trouble to prepare for the broiling iron, as the feathers are plucked out very easily. Parties hereabout who have used the bird as food, speak of them in such glowing terms that it would make the mouth of an epicure water to listen to them. And why should they not be good and toothsome; they feed on grain all through the winter months, and in summer they are found by dozens and hundreds in our grain fields and at our vines where hang the purple clusters of the good and wholesome grapes. They are a plague and nuisance to the farmer and fruit growers, and if they are good for food, why not eat them?"

BURNED BONES FOR HENS.—You can hardly give too much burned bones to your hens to provide them the necessary amount of lime for eggshells, and the next best thing for that purpose is oyster shells, which can be obtained by the barrel (and generally without cost except taking away) at hotels or restaurants in your nearest town. My new tenant goes eighteen miles for them and considers them cheap at that. The hens eat them when pounded into fragments as easily as they pick up the shelled corn, and they furnish the needed material for the egg-shell more completely than anything else. I do not quite believe in giving broken earthenware, as some propose doing. The sharp corners are more likely to cut or otherwise injure the crop than the more easily digested oyster shells.—*Poultry Yard.*